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Sen. Alan Cranston CAMPAIGN FUNDS
HOW TO CURE THE CORRUPTION

AGAINST ONE-MAN RULE
Bureaucratic Defense in Depth
Peter Weil and Rochelle Jones

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EDITORIALS

Food Bank or Famine

The prophecies of the Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus continue to haunt us. His case is much like that of Karl Marx, another prophet scorned, but not forgotten. Within a century or less, the rare beings who see the future as through a glass darkly are always proved wrong in some aspects, but it is only prudent to pay more attention to their insights than to their errors.

"The power of population," Malthus wrote in 1798, "is so superior to the power of the earth to provide subsistence . . . that premature death must in some shape or other visit the human race." The basis of his reasoning was that population increases by geometric progression, food production arithmetically. This generalization has often been controverted. In countries like the Republic of China, where there is a strong, centrally directed collective spirit, and the United States, the homeland of the pill and material well-being, the population explosion appears to have been brought under control. In the poorer countries, however, where hunger is endemic and population growth unchecked, the situation is precarious. It is there that Malthus' warnings may become realities, with worldwide political repercussions.

The much publicized "Green Revolution" has not come up to expectations so far, and probably cannot play more than an ameliorative role. There has been spotty improvement but the "developing," i.e., hungry, countries are still hungry, except for a thin prosperous stratum on top. Assuming that the capital and trained manpower become available in the needy countries on a scale adequate to make the Green Revolution flourish, problems of unemployment, movement to the cities, and related social dislocations would arise, as they have arisen to some extent even in the United States (see "New World Food Crisis: The Sputtering 'Green Revolution,'" by Richard Critchfield, *The Nation*, September 10).

Given a combination of crop failures, wasteful practices and profiteering, the poor might starve en masse abroad. At the moment, the American middle class is complaining about the high price of food (which, by many, is held against President Nixon more strongly than the Watergate scandals), but the trouble is not only overeating and overfilled garbage cans but something more fundamental. The rule of thumb is that 7 pounds of grain produce only 1 pound of meat—food animals are inefficient transformers of protein. Consequently, an Asian peasant subsists on about a pound of rice a day—400 pounds a year. A typical American may utilize some 2,000 pounds of grain a year, perhaps 150 pounds in the form of bread, cake, breakfast cereal, etc., the rest in the form of meat and other animal products—eggs and milk. But he is so conditioned that without his daily intake of meat he would find life scarcely worth living. His Russian counterpart would like more meat; one of the problems of the Soviet rulers is to get it for him.

There are already danger signs. Some 80 million to 100 million needy people around the world are being helped by private (voluntary) American agencies, of which the principal ones are CARE and Catholic Relief Services; the Friends Service Committee is another. In part, this is a governmental effort ("Food for Peace"), but the organizations were informed by the Department of Agriculture that it could not purchase commodities for them in August, and perhaps not in September either. This can have a calamitous effect in some cases and can mean severe deprivation in others. The sales of grain to the Soviet Union are one cause, but the long-term factor is that the days of U.S. crop surpluses are over.

There is a remedy, but it is so simple, sensible and humane that it is unlikely to be applied. As Wendell Willkie announced during World War II, it is one world that we live in; this is true not only politically but nutritionally. What is needed is a world food bank—an extension of Henry Wallace's ever-normal granary. For emergencies, countries would routinely contribute a portion of their food production to the bank. Combined with population control, such an arrangement could avert famine, and the wars brought on by famine. The ghost of Malthus could thus be laid, but it is more likely that it will continue to walk.

Uncle Sam

Sen. Sam J. Ervin is precisely the right man, at the right spot, at the right time. However Watergate turns out for the President and his dubious assortment of aides, Sam Ervin has done something for the country—something as vital as it is easily overlooked in normal times. He has shown in his own person that the quality the founding fathers called "republican virtue" has not disappeared from the American scene. People who were not sure that there would be anything to celebrate in 1976 are beginning to look more cheerful. As long as someone like Sam Ervin is around, and playing a prominent role in the country's affairs, it follows that common decency in politics, respect for law and the Constitution and rights guaranteed to the individual citizen, have not all been thrown on the trash heap.

Ervin is no saint. *The Nation* has never regarded him as one and does not so regard him now. He was a typical Southern politician in his defense of segregation. But even in that wrong-headed attitude he was not inhumane, just as he never was vindictive as a judge. Nor has he ever been the one-issue demagogue. Sam Rayburn, a Southerner himself, remarked that the average Southern politician got by with only a single appeal to the voters: "Nigger, Nigger and again Nigger." Ervin, insofar as he carries on the tradition of the Confederacy, at least represents its more civilized aspect.

Not everyone in North Carolina admires him. Some say they cannot understand "why he is taking out after the President the way he is." Ervin's own county—Burke—voted 70 per cent for Nixon in 1972. Not only in the conservative South but in all parts of the country, Mr. Nixon exercises a kind of inertial guidance, especially after each of his obfuscations on TV. In a democracy the ignorant, indifferent and intractable have as much right to their views as any other segment of the population.

What has made Ervin a folk hero in the present crisis

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is the same attachment to what is best in America that has impelled juries to rebuff, almost without exception, the Nixon Administration's attempts at repression, the latest instance being the acquittal of the "Gainesville Eight." Given time for consideration, as when sitting on a jury or watching a protracted, revealing Congressional investigation on TV, a majority of Americans seem prepared to repudiate a monarchical President. They are told they are free men and they want to preserve what remains of their freedoms. Sam Ervin has become a symbol of that widespread feeling, and for that he is admired and honored.

The Metcalfe Report

In most cities with large minority-group populations tension exists between police and the black or other colored population. Members of these communities are far more likely to be abused and beaten up by police officers than are whites. Chicago has such a bad record in this respect that in June and July of 1972 Ralph H. Metcalfe, black member of Congress from Illinois, convened a blue-ribbon panel of community leaders concerned with the problem. The group included lawyers and law professors, clergymen, businessmen, officials of civic organizations, et al. Its report, "The Misuse of Police Authority in Chicago," should be of nationwide interest.

The police department of any large city is a paramilitary organization, a majority of whose members tend to follow an authoritarian code and to expect servile behavior from ordinary citizens, especially from nonwhites. In Chicago the situation was aggravated by Mayor Daley's order to "shoot to kill and aim to maim" during the riots following the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King in April 1968. The record of former State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan, who never prosecuted a single case of police abuse, made matters worse. In the black and brown ghettos a civilian in a car, stopped by the police on some trivial reason or none at all, is likely to be insulted, beaten up and arrested if he remonstrates. The usual procedure in such cases is for the police to charge the victim with resisting arrest, assault and disorderly conduct. Thus put on the defensive, he will usually settle by dropping charges against the police.

He might as well, since the police investigate themselves. Chicago's police department has an Internal Affairs Division which is in effect a cover-up organization for misbehaving cops. In 1971 IAD reported 1,156 completed investigations of charges of excessive force and other violations of civil rights. Of these, 16, or 1.4 per cent, were sustained. Other types of complaints numbered 3,938 and 27 per cent of these were sustained, a significantly different showing. IAD's proceedings are secret and complainants usually receive no word of the disposition of their charges.

The Chicago police are free with their guns—for pistol-whippings when they are in a moderate mood, but there is plenty of firing also. A 1972 report of the Chicago Law Enforcement Study Group, "The Police and Their Use of Fatal Force in Chicago," found the city's civilian death rate at the hands of law enforcement officers to be nearly one and one-half times the Philadelphia rate and more

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than three times the rate for New York, Los Angeles and Detroit. Seventy-five per cent of the civilians killed in Chicago were black.

All this, however appalling, is scarcely new and the principal, constructive interest of the Metcalfe report is in its recommendations. For the past thirteen years Chicago has had a police board consisting largely of business and labor executives closely associated with the city administration. All general orders and police department directives are submitted to the board for approval, but only after they have already been put into effect, and the board has never dissented or even debated the actions taken by the superintendent of the department. The Metcalfe panel wants the board membership to be increased from the present five to fifteen members, of whom six would be appointed from a list submitted by organizations that have been active on behalf of minorities. The board would be given comprehensive power to oversee the operations of the police department and to impose disciplinary penalties.

An independent investigating agency would be established to receive complaints and make factual determinations of excessive force, other violations of civil rights and criminal activity of any kind by policemen. The Metcalfe panel points out that this agency would not be a civilian review board with authority to impose discipline. Its function would be that of fact finding; the imposition of penalties would continue to be the responsibility of the police board and the superintendent of police.

The Civil Service Commission's police appointment procedure should include measures to screen out undesirable candidates on the basis of psychological evaluations. The policeman's lot is not an easy one, a fact recognized not only by Gilbert and Sullivan and the police themselves but all fair-minded citizens. It is important to exclude bullies, racists and the easily upset.

These are a few of the principal Metcalfe recommendations. Essentially, they amount to making the Chicago police department responsive to the citizenry, without distinction of race or color. Chicago is a good place to start, since there conditions are at their worst, but the need is nationwide, and such reforms are in the long-run interest of the police as well as the people they are sworn to serve and protect.

The Agnew Complication

The Vice President's difficulties have added a new complication to Watergate and the aftermath. One school of guessers, following Mr. Agnew's lead, would have us believe that the President is attempting to jettison his running mate of '68 and '72. By inference the President cannot sustain the burden of still another scandal. Melvin Laird's words of caution to Rep. John Anderson about not rushing to Agnew's defense is cited as a confirming circumstance. But there are those who say that the Agnew involvement, which predates his election, was uncovered in the course of an investigation of Democratic skullduggery.

A variation of this theory is that certain newspapers turned up the facts and took them directly to the Department of Justice by way of putting the Attorney General squarely on the spot. By this reading, the "leaks" did not stem from the top; on the contrary, they were brought about by lower-level officials who wanted to make sure that the White House could not, in the atmosphere of Watergate, quash the investigation. But it is evident that Agnew's mode of reaction, and the response to it, prompted the President to try the same technique. At San Clemente the President seemed to give Agnew a vote of confidence. A more realistic assessment would be that the President may now feel that he must defend Agnew. Can Agnew be indicted and tried without being impeached? If Mr. Nixon cannot be charged with criminal conduct or made to respond to a court subpoena in a pending criminal case unless he is first impeached, will the conviction of federal Judge Otto Kerner stand?

The Agnew issue is loaded with these and other complications, legal, political and tactical (from the President's point of view). From what the President said at San Clemente it would appear that he has decided to close ranks with Agnew and "tough it out," in part because at the moment he has no alternative.

Modest Proposal

According to Anthony Sampson's interesting book, *The Sovereign State of ITT*, the corporation in question, eighth largest in the country, paid no U.S. taxes in 1971. Presumably, ITT's kingdom is not of this world, so it need not render unto Caesar.

Fair enough—but who takes up the slack for ITT? We do, of course, but we have help from unexpected quarters. If, for example, a foreign author should publish a book in the United States, adding to the gaiety of a nation that can use all the gaiety it can get these days, he will be taxed at the rate of 30 per cent. Not 30 per cent of his profits but 30 per cent of the gross royalties from his book. And then his own government will tax him too, at whatever rate it thinks fit.

A foreign author can avoid this double jeopardy if he has the wit to be a citizen of England, France, Germany, or any nation rich enough to have concluded reciprocal treaties with the United States, in which each government waives its rights to tax the other's authors. But if the writer lives in what is called, indifferently, an "underdeveloped" or "developing" nation, the chances are good that he is protected by no such treaty. He may be living in the humblest circumstances in his own country, but our government will combine with his to encourage literature by keeping him poor.

The Authors League of America has drafted a very modest bill to alleviate this instance of an unintended hardship imposed on those least able to bear it. Modest, because this bill "to exempt certain income of nonresident alien authors, artists and composers from taxation," applies only to authors resident in a developing country, defined for the purposes of the proposed statute as having an annual per capita income no greater than $300. That stipulation is eloquent in itself. Members of Congress who have indicated their support for the bill include Andrew Young, Yvonne Brathwaite Burke, Ronald V. Dellums, John Conyers, Jr. and Barbara Jordan. And if

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the measure passes, as it clearly deserves to do, what will America gain by forgoing the widow's mite of Asia and Africa? Reciprocal privileges for our own writers in the countries involved, of course. And self-respect which, like gaiety, has been in short supply with us lately.

Polluted Credibility

Just as President Nixon's domestic credibility deteriorated a little with each day's Watergate testimony, so his international credibility deteriorates every time Canadians look at the Great Lakes.

In April of last year, amid the fanfare that accompanies such agreements, the President and Canadian Prime Minister Trudeau signed a pact designed to provide the cash necessary to depollute municipal and industrial wastewater discharges to the lakes.

Costs were estimated at $250 million to clean up municipal effluent on the Canadian side, $2 billion in the United States. A deadline of 1975 was set. Canadians believe the agreement called for the work to be done by then; American spokesmen say work was to be under way, or at least the money was to be committed, by 1975.

The Canadians put all the cost of pollution control on the local taxpayer, but the Central Mortgage and Housing Corp., roughly the counterpart of the U.S. Federal Housing Administration, has loaned municipalities $167 million of the $250 million they need.

United States law provides for 50 to 55 per cent federal aid for pollution control, so Canadians looked forward to a real spurt, particularly for badly ailing Lakes Erie and Ontario. Congress gave them extra hope when it appropriated something more than $6 billion for water pollution abatement, but the American credibility gaped wide open when the President impounded all but about $2 billion for 1973 and $3 billion for 1974—nationwide.

Canadians looked on the impoundments as leading to a three-to-five-year delay in getting the work done. Factors involved are: (*1*) Construction around the Great Lakes ordinarily can be started only between March and October so that work can be under cover during the cold months, resulting in at least a year's delay while everything is sorted out. (*2*) The impoundment does not reduce allotments to all projects by a fixed percentage, but under a priority system all the money available goes to a few projects, resulting in a starting delay for at least 60 per cent of the work. (*3*) American city officials, aware of how Congress juggles anti-pollution funds, are reluctant even to start serious planning until they're sure of how much federal money they can get. The delays are additive, they pointed out.

Hopes soared in Ottawa when word came that a United States federal court had said, "You can't do that." But then they read the fine print—as did dismayed American environmentalists—and learned that the Environmental Protection Agency must consider all applications before it decides whether any money is actually allocated, but is not required to allocate all that is appropriated.

Worse than the widening credibility gap is the bald fact that scientists are saying that pollution in Lake Erie moves ever nearer to the point of no return.

AGAINST ONE-MAN RULE

BUREAUCRATIC DEFENSE IN DEPTH

PETER WOLL and ROCHELLE JONES

The Watergate hearings have intensified the debate over the growth—and proper limits—of Presidential power. Among many concerned people in and out of government the feeling is that Richard Nixon was making an unprecedented attempt to concentrate political power in the White House. For evidence the critics point to Nixon's attempt to dismantle the Office of Economic Opportunity, an office created by Congress, his impoundment of funds appropriated by Congress for water pollution, highways and other programs, and his repeated disregard of Congressional resolutions on the war in Southeast Asia. Only after he was pushed to the wall by Congressional action that threatened to cut off funds for the entire federal government if he did not stop the bombing of Cambodia, did he agree to an August 15th deadline for a bombing halt. In a recent series of articles in *The New York Times* Henry Steele Commager said that the United States is closer to one-man rule than at any time in its history.

While there is no doubt that Nixon frequently thwarts the will and intent of Congress, it does not necessarily mean we are on the verge of one-man rule. Nixon apparently would like to retitle the federal government "U.S. Government, Inc.; President: Richard M. Nixon," but the federal bureaucracy, composed of the Cabinet, independent regulatory commissions and administrative agencies, puts important limits on the power of the President. Under the Nixon Administration the bureaucracy is turning into a vital although little noticed safeguard of the democratic system.

The bureaucracy, sometimes with Congress but often by itself, has frequently been able to resist and ignore Presidential commands. Whether the President is FDR or Richard M. Nixon, bureaucratic frustration of White House policies is a fact of life. Furthermore, the bureaucracy often carries out its own policies which are at times the exact opposite of White House directives. A classic

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case occurred during the India-Pakistan war in 1971 when the State Department supported India while the White House backed Pakistan. The State Department's behind-the-scenes maneuvering in support of India prompted Henry Kissinger's famous enraged order "to tilt" toward Pakistan.

In a system marked by a weak Congress and a Supreme Court that is increasingly taking its direction from Nixon appointees, the bureaucracy is turning into a crucial check on Presidential power. Under the Constitution Nixon is chief executive, but this does not mean he has legal authority or political power to control the bureaucracy. On the contrary, the bureaucracy has become a fourth branch of government, separate and independent of the President, Congress and the courts. There are limits to bureaucratic discretion, but these are set as much by Congress and the courts as by the President. Decisions of independent regulatory commissions may be overturned under certain circumstances by the courts. And while the administrative agencies created by Congress are delegated considerable discretionary authority, this authority must be exercised within broad guidelines that are set by the legislature. It is precisely this accountability of the bureaucracy to the courts and Congress that helps it to be a powerful constraint on Presidential power. For example, in *State Highway Commission of Missouri* v. *Volpe* (1973) the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that the Secretary of Transportation could not legally follow Nixon's directives and impound highway funds. The court held that Congress had clearly specified in the Federal Highway Act that appropriated funds were to be apportioned among the states. In effect, the court was saying that the Department of Transportation, a Cabinet department presumably under Presidential control, must comply with the intent of Congress, as it is interpreted by the court, instead of following the orders of the President.

Ultimately the bureaucracy curbs the President because it has independent sources of political power. Nixon's attempt to cut back governmental programs and reduce spending conflicts with the vested interests of powerful groups in and out of government. Like Congress and the President, administrative agencies and regulatory commissions have constituencies that are relied on for political support. The Defense Department needs the armaments industry, Agriculture the farmers, Labor the AFL-CIO, the ICC the railroads and truckers, and the Food and Drug Administration the giant pharmaceutical companies.

Because the bureaucracy depends on the political support of these allies for its continued existence, and because this alliance survives the four or eight years a President is in office, the bureaucracy is apt to prefer its interests over the wishes of the President. This is not new. On numerous occasions, for instance, the independent regulatory agencies have adopted policies that directly opposed the programs of the President. In the early 1960s both the Interstate Commerce Commission and Civil Aeronautics Board ignored White House directives in approving railroad and airline mergers that reduced competition.

Outside political support enables agencies to act independently. The regulatory agencies have been able to resist, for the most part, attempts by Presidents from Franklin D. Roosevelt to Richard Nixon to organize and bring them under Presidential supervision. A number of Presidents on a number of occasions have tried to transfer the regulatory functions of the Interstate Commerce Commission to a Cabinet department like the Department of Transportation, which is more capable of being controlled by the White House. But the railroads' support for the ICC has been felt in and reflected by Congress, and the ICC has retained its separate identity. With the help of equally strong support from their allies, other agencies have defeated attempts, most recently by Nixon, to reorganize them. In 1971 Nixon proposed a major reorganization of the executive branch that would have meant a major shift of authority. The Department of Agriculture, for example, would have lost control over a variety of programs to a proposed super Department of Natural Resources. But the Department of Agriculture rallied its constituency behind it, and the reorganization plan languished in Congress.

Agencies that lack independent political support in Congress and are not supported by private pressure groups are apt to be swayed by the President. There is a big difference between the Department of Transportation and the Department of State. The former is supported by a wide range of groups, from proponents of federal airport subsidies to groups connected with aviation safety, urban transit, highway safety, and the Coast Guard. The latter is without Congressional and interest group backing. When Nixon tried to create a "super-Cabinet" at the start of his second term, Secretary of Transportation Claude S. Brinegar announced loudly and repeatedly that he was not going to be subordinate to the super-Cabinet Secretary James Lynn, Secretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, who had been named his superior by Nixon. But Secretary of State William Rogers was upstaged from the very start of the Nixon Administration by Henry Kissinger. Kissinger has usurped the major foreign policy-making responsibilities of the State Department while serving as an unofficial ambassador at large and roving emissary to foreign governments, a pleasant duty that is traditionally the prerogative of the Secretary of State. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles played such a role in the Eisenhower administration. But this is possible only if the Secretary of State enjoys the confidence of the President as Dulles did. If he doesn't, the Secretary of State will be a mere figurehead in the foreign policy field because the State Department is exceedingly vulnerable to domination by the White House. Its lack of domestic allies enables it to win very little support from Congress. When Sen. Joseph McCarthy launched his witch hunt after subversives in government, he wisely tackled the State Department first. As long as he was battling the State Department, he was safe. When he turned on the Department of the Army with its close links to a powerful domestic constituency and hence to key Congressional committees, his downfall was imminent.

In addition to its political support the bureaucracy contains the President in other ways. The President has minimal influence within the bureaucracy because of its

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size, complexity, wide-ranging responsibilities and continuity. More than one-half of the 3 million civilian employees of the federal government work for the Defense Department, for one good example. Tens of thousands of them are in key policy-making positions. All recent Secretaries of Defense, with the possible exception of McNamara, have had difficulty keeping up with day-to-day shifts in policy that are the result of decisions made by subordinates. Obviously Nixon cannot keep up with the operations of this mammoth department. And this is true in every large department of government. The President must delegate authority, and by doing so tends to lose control. Admittedly Nixon has made a strong attempt to change this. Before Watergate heightened the debate over the limits of Presidential power, Washington civil servants were operating in an atmosphere that was permeated with fear. Since the Watergate hearings started, however, bureaucrats have resumed their traditional independent stance.

Moreover, since Nixon can't know what is going on in every nook of the federal bureaucracy, he must rely on the information that is provided by it for his decision making. By carefully controlling the information that reaches the President, the bureaucracy can control his decision making. This is not necessarily Machiavellian. Very often administrators, even subordinate administrators, are the only ones who possess the background and arcane knowledge to fill in the details of vague Congressional legislation. The strength of the bureaucracy is magnified when the President and Congress must come to it for the necessary information and technical skills to formulate and implement public policy. In a highly technical and increasingly specialized society the power of bureaucracy grows because the bureaucracy is the domain of the specialist, while the Congress and President are necessarily generalists.

The use of bureaucratic expertise in Congressional policy making will be facilitated through the Office of Technological Assessment (OTA), being formed under the sponsorship of Sen. Edward Kennedy (D., Mass.). The OTA, created by legislation in 1972, is a way of challenging the present power of the Office of Management and Budget to prevent agencies from going directly to Congress with policy-making proposals. Such administrative inputs to the legislative process must first be cleared by the OMB. But the OTA is authorized to use the technical resources of the bureaucracy to draft policies that reflect the priorities of Congress. With these outside sources of information Congress will be able to challenge the President in a way previously impossible. Because Congress will be relying on information that comes from the bureaucracy, the bureaucracy will have vastly increased influence in the policy-making process. And since agency personnel assigned to the OTA will be working for Congress, not the President, they can give substantial help in developing programs that may directly contradict the programs of the President. A new bureaucratic check on the President is emerging.

Presidents come and go; the bureaucracy stays. Even if the President's only concern were the control of the bureaucracy, he would find this extremely difficult to accomplish in eight years. Obviously the President has many other pressing concerns besides the bureaucracy. At the beginning of his first term he is concerned with making a good impression. With the election mandate behind him and the Congressional honeymoon ahead of him, the President wants to charge ahead, to do great things which, if they don't win him a place in the history books, may at least win him a second term in office. But such great plans can be abruptly halted by the bureaucracy. The newly elected President can find that many top bureaucrats who were appointed by the previous President are entrenched in power, protected by civil service regulations or terms of office that are set by statutes. The President is reduced to watching helplessly as the bureaucracy stymies his key programs. By the start of his second term the President may decide to make a determined effort to control the bureaucracy in a final, valiant attempt to push through his program.

And in fact, Nixon tried exactly that, finding that it is easy to try to curb the bureaucracy but exceedingly difficult to succeed. Nixon created a super-Cabinet last January in an attempt to centralize power in the White House; it was a dismal failure. It never functioned as it was supposed to. Agencies ignored it and did as they pleased or by-passed it and went directly to the President. Nixon finally junked the super-Cabinet four months after it was established.

In opposing Presidential programs, the bureaucracy relies heavily on informal contacts with Congress. The White House may, and often does, try to muzzle administrators, but the bureaucracy has ways of getting necessary information to key Congressmen. Information flows back and forth among bureaucrats and Congressmen over the phone, at casual meetings and cocktail parties. Pressure groups also channel information from the agencies to Congressional committees.

For example, the President can order the Department of Agriculture to eliminate or reduce various agricultural programs, but these orders are likely to fail eventually because of the strong support for the department in Congress and among various agricultural interest groups. The department might have to go along with the President temporarily, but it would not have to wait long for Congressional support to back up its policy favoring maintenance of such programs. This happened in 1972 when the Department of Agriculture abolished several key programs at the request of Nixon. An angry Congress overwhelmingly voted to restore the programs.

Many agencies are closer to Congress than to the President. The Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) is a good example of an agency that has stronger ties to the House and Senate than to the White House. Rep. John Moss (D., Calif.), chairman of the House Subcommittee on Commerce and Finance, and Sen. Harrison Williams (D., N.J.), chairman of the Securities Subcommittee of the Senate Banking Committee, deal directly with the SEC on a continuous basis. The SEC supplies these legislators with information, and they, in turn, prod the agency to implement the policy positions that they favor. With the help of a strong professional staff, these men are directly involved in the regulation of the securities industry. Of course, the White House can wield a cer-

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tain amount of power, as it did when it influenced the SEC staff to withhold important information on the financial dealings of financier Robert Vesco because the information might embarrass the Committee for the Reelection of the President. But this influence is sporadic and limited to specific issues, while Congress deals with the SEC and other agencies on an almost daily basis.

Nixon can exert some control over the bureaucracy through his power of appointment. The President directly controls the appointment of more than 2,000 top-level bureaucrats. These positions were filled during Nixon's first term with people considered "reliable." After the 1972 election all of these appointees were required to submit their resignations. Many have been fired, producing great disillusionment throughout the ranks. As a result of the insensitive behavior of Nixon's staff, the White House faced enormous difficulty in recruiting new people, and many positions remain vacant in the top echelons of departments and agencies.

Nixon has been appointing former White House aides and CREEP employees as an elite corps of "agents," numbering more than 100, to departments, independent regulatory commissions and agencies to find out what is going on and to carry out the Nixon philosophy. Such agents have been installed at the Under Secretary level in Treasury, Interior, Transportation and HEW. At lower levels agents were placed in Commerce (25), Interior (13), Agriculture (17), Treasury (11), the Environmental Protection Agency (20), Veterans Administration (11), FAA (5), and FTC (9). Nixon has filled twenty-eight of the thirty-eight positions on six major regulatory commissions and named the chairmen of all six. White House clearance has been required of many staff appointments. This attempt to control the independent regulatory commissions prompted the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee to begin an investigation of what its chairman, Harley O. Staggers (D., W. Va), considers inappropriate White House pressure.

For a short time Nixon's appointees can undoubtedly influence administrative policy making. But Nixon has failed more often than he has succeeded in changing the direction of the bureaucracy through the appointment process. He has created anxiety, frustration and disillusionment, and impeded independent policy making by the bureaucrats in those limited number of agencies where he has placed his agents.

In the case of the independent regulatory commissions the President may be able to stack them in his favor, but this is only a temporary impediment to the commissions' inherent ability to limit Presidential power. Nixon's appointees will constitute a major limitation on the next President. From the standpoint of the Presidency, the influence of one President on regulatory agencies through appointments can lay the groundwork for future agency resistance to a new President. Similarly, the expansion of the bureaucracy in line with the philosophy of a President who believes in an activist government, such as FDR, limits future Presidents who believe in a concept of limited governmental intervention. Thus the appointment process is a two-edged sword, working against Presidential power in the long run while giving short-term advantage.

Many of Nixon's appointees, even in his elite corps, were given jobs as a political payoff for their loyalty to him and their work in his campaigns. These strictly political types have been put in showcase jobs in many cases, often as assistants to top-echelon people, consultants, and in public affairs jobs. Even "deputy administrators" are often phony jobs with an impressive title but little clout. Moreover, most political types know little or nothing about the agencies they are appointed to. They cannot rival the top-grade permanent civil servants in policy making. And while the political appointees often have short stays in their jobs, the civil servants tend to be permanent employees. In the final analysis the expertise, continuity and political ties of the permanent civil service severely limit the ability of any President to alter bureaucratic practices through his appointments.

The courts can help the bureaucracy in imposing limits on the President. In recent years, an active judiciary has forced administrative agencies to adhere closely to Congressional intent, as defined by the courts, reinforcing the ability of the bureaucracy to resist Presidential control. Within the last few months the courts declared *ultra vires* Nixon's actions to impound funds that would be appropriated to administrative agencies under normal circumstances. The courts also preserved, at least temporarily, the Office of Economic Opportunity which was in the process of being dismantled under orders from Nixon.

The Watergate affair clearly reveals the value of a semi-autonomous bureaucracy. A President who could direct the activities of all administrative agencies would threaten our constitutional system. If the White House had been able to use the FBI and CIA as it had planned, a far-flung political intelligence operation would now be operating in a way that would undermine basic guarantees of our constitutional system, such as the Fourth Amendment guarantees against unreasonable searches and seizures. It was because J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI resisted that the efforts of the White House to set up a secret police operation with the approval of Nixon were stymied. Asst. Atty. Gen. Henry Petersen, a career attorney, refused to go along with Ehrlichman's improper requests. Richard Helms and General Walters of the CIA likewise maintained their independence under pressure by Haldeman and Ehrlichman. And it seems evident that a number of career professionals at the FBI leaked information to the press in order to frustrate what they saw as a move to corrupt the bureau.

At the same time, however, bureaucrats need to be imbued with the values of our constitutional democracy because, for the most part, the limits on them are those they impose upon themselves. It is ironic that the independence of the FBI and J. Edgar Hoover, so often criticized as a potential threat to responsible government, turned out under the Nixon Administration to be a bulwark of freedom. Perhaps, in the final analysis, we are saved from tyranny by the pluralism of our system and even its inefficiency. The pluralistic and independent bureaucracy, although often inefficient and yielding to special-interest group pressure, helps to preserve the balance of powers among the branches of government that is necessary for the preservation of our system of constitutional democracy. □

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INDUSTRIAL PRESSURE ON RACISM

KENNETH JORDAAN

Once again it has taken a wave of strikes to focus world attention on South Africa. The previous occasion was in 1960, when the labor upheavals came to a tragic climax in the police massacre of more than seventy Africans at Sharpeville. The recent strikes were not as dramatic, protracted, or widespread. At no one time were more than some 50,000 workers, from a total black labor force of 5.8 million Africans, Coloured (mixed) and Indians, involved in strikes which, having gathered momentum toward the end of last year, reached their peak in January and February. Moreover, they were largely confined to the Durban industrial complex in the province of Natal, only sporadic strikes having been staged in the rest of the country.

However, two features of these strikes disturbed the authorities. One was the anonymity of the leadership. No individual strikers came forward, in response to calls from the employers, to negotiate on behalf of the workers. Strikes by blacks being a serious criminal offense, the regime invariably seeks out and then detains the leaders, the objective being to decapitate an organized movement. The other alarming feature was the 100 per cent walkout by blacks from those firms where strikes were clandestinely organized. Both of these developments testify to the iron discipline and tight organization that went into the strikes. Were the strikes the tip of an iceberg? If so, what were the ramifications and real objectives of the hidden mass? These questions trouble the state, especially since one group of strikers raised a red flag, thereby courting long prison terms and even the death penalty under the Suppression of Communism Act and certain "anti-terrorism" laws.

The Sharpeville movement made a number of far-reaching economic and political demands and posed a threat to the state. In the recent round, the strikers' demands were limited to wage increases and the police acted with unusual restraint. They had obviously learned from the Sharpeville massacre, which shook South African society to its foundations. No attempt was made to arrest strikers and pickets or to deport and replace them with labor recruits from the vast pools of unemployed Africans. Except for a baton charge, the use of tear gas to disperse a crowd and the arrest of a hundred or so demonstrators who got off with light fines, the military police stood around their armed lorries, watching the strikes peter out as the employers and the government made slight wage concessions.

The 1960 struggle rocked the economy of the country, causing unrest on the international stock exchanges and perturbation in the imperialist camp. The recent strikes did not damage the economy; still, their waves were felt at least as far as London, where a Parliamentary Select Committee was set up to inquire into the wage rates British firms in South Africa pay their black workers. This inquiry was prompted by *The Guardian*, which at the height of the strike revealed that British firms have traditionally paid starvation wages to South African blacks. The apparent humanitarian concern was sudden and is being sustained. Vested interests, it seems, see the need to give apartheid a human face.

Domestic and foreign capital feared another Sharpeville. Political upheavals and military skirmishes at that time made the position of South African capital so uncertain that between 1960-64 some 518 million rands left the country. (1 rand=$1.47.) Then the United States came to the rescue with a large loan. By 1965, political stability having been restored, foreign capital poured back in. Between 1965 and 1970 R1.7 billion flowed in.

About half of all imperialist investment in Africa is concentrated in South Africa, Britain's share in 1970 being R3.37 billion (58 per cent), Western Europe R1.4 billion (24.2 per cent), and the United States R855 million (14.7 per cent). Returns on investments are the highest in the world. What these strikes prove is that the economy is extremely sensitive to the slightest labor disturbances; that it rests firmly on the super-exploitation of the blacks; that international capital is inextricably interwoven with apartheid; that cheap labor rigidly controlled by the state is essential for safe investments and the large volume of profits, and that imperialism has a long-term interest in the political stability of South Africa. *The Guardian* and the Parliamentary Select Committee are now expressing the concern of the far-sighted wing of imperialism for certain improvements in the lot of the blacks, within the apartheid framework. These, it is hoped, would defuse an explosive situation and insure the perpetuation of the system.

The latter part of the 1960s was a period of tremendous industrial expansion for South Africa. The GNP, up to 1968, rose at an annual rate of 12 per cent, with a real growth, assuming constant prices, of 7 per cent. Manufacturing grew by 11 per cent, the greatest gain sustained in the country's history; agriculture by 6 per cent; mining by 7. In June 1971, manufacturing's contribution to the GNP stood at 23.6 per cent, more than that of agriculture and mining combined. Its labor force had more than doubled during the previous decade. The economic boom partly explains the political quiescence which descended upon the country after the turbulence of the early 1960s. It gave the regime both the money and the time to tighten up political and military security and to buy off sections of the blacks to help administer a more effective, because more flexible, apartheid system.

Apartheid presents a picture of change and continuity. The more that economic forces fling black and white into closer interdependence, the more imperative is it for the

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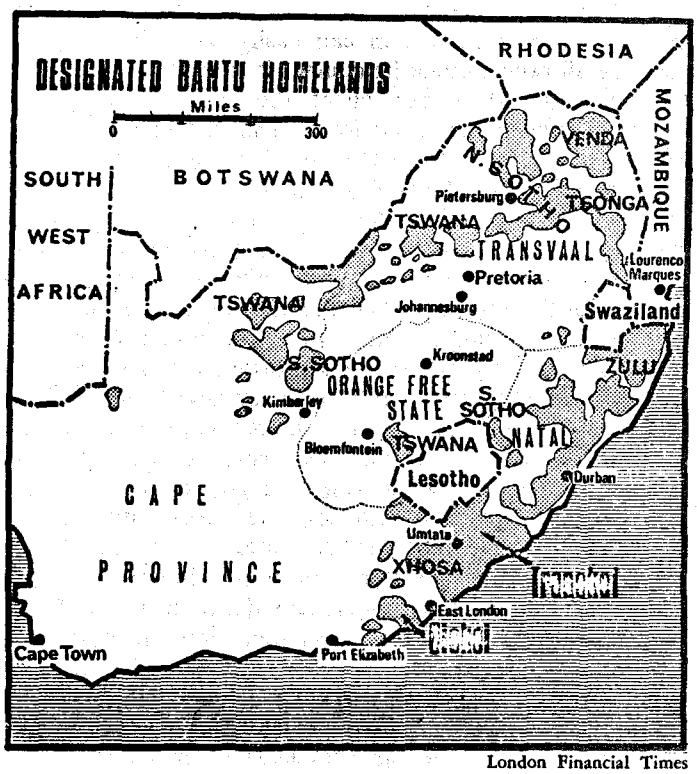
rulers to erect tighter barriers between them and to turn the screws of political and economic control upon the subject group. A case in point is that the black workers' share in the total labor force employed by the single, unified economy grew from 72 per cent in 1960 to 80 per cent in 1970, the number of white workers comprising only 1.4 million. Another is the increase in the number of Africans in the "white" urban areas—rising from 1.1 million to 4.6 million in the same period. Alarmed by this greater economic integration, the regime set about to reverse the trend toward African urbanization. And in the process, the government contrived to make the lot of the increasing number of urban Africans as insecure as possible, in order to exercise a tighter political hold on them.

Under the scheme of Bantustans, or African homelands, the Africans have been divided into nine tribes called "nations," each of which was given its own territory. Covering 13 per cent of the country and widely scattered, the Bantustans were accorded control over local administration—which the government parades as self-government, ostensibly a prelude to "independence." Under the rule of government-appointed chiefs and elected "parliaments," all Africans became citizens of their respective Bantustans; there they can exercise their "democratic rights" and have permanent residence. But when they leave their Bantustans to work in "white" South Africa, they are foreigners and must obtain permission and passes from local labor bureaus before they can take employment. All Africans, with few exceptions, are now migrants, who are not allowed to bring their families with them to the cities from which they can be expelled at any time. As "foreigners" they naturally have no political or civil rights in the urban areas. Every year they must return to their homelands to renew their labor contracts. This aspect of apartheid the government has operated with some success.

Political unrest in the cities convinced the regime that the growth of a stable urban African working class was stimulating the movement for political and legal equality. In this, the regime was correct, for such a class will develop class consciousness, advance demands for trade union rights, for their families to live with them, and for access to those skilled jobs which blacks, generally, are invading in growing numbers. Such demands are a short step from a concerted struggle for equal political and civil rights, an outcome that could plunge the country into bitter class struggles and insurrection.

The regime would have little chance to preserve the existing social system in the teeth of an organized black working class which, having penetrated the economy at every level, could proceed with confidence to bring the country to its knees. A government paper stripped the African homelands scheme of its apartheid ideology, and disclosed the political considerations behind it, when it stated: "This abundant use of more African labor in the cities means that more and more Black people would be used for more than merely untrained labor—for the kind of work which can really only be done by people living permanently with their families in the existing big cities. . . . Political rights in the White areas cannot indefinitely be denied them, because in their established



London Financial Times

urban existence they would become increasingly alienated from the Bantu homelands wherein they must presently exercise their political rights."

Accordingly, the policy has been to use a work force of migrants which clings desperately to the raft of insecure employment in a sea of surplus labor; to hold the threat of expulsion constantly over them in the cities; to make sure that they retain links with their families in the reserves; to use tribal authorities to keep in check the pretensions of the African workers—all these measures being devised to stave off revolution and postpone the day of reckoning.

The aspirations of African nationalism, the regime resolved, had to be diverted from the cities to the Bantustans where, with the cooperation of a government-sponsored African bureaucracy, they could be neutralized. The espousal of African nationalism, with attainable bureaucratic and material objectives for each of the nine tribes in its own territory, became official policy. Granted, the Bantustans are simply labor reservoirs and rural slums which contribute about 2 per cent to the country's gross domestic product. But the government rightly predicted that the numerically and economically weak African middle class, together with aspirant middle-class elements and hardened tribalists, would support a scheme which really amounts to the more subtle pursuit of domestic colonialism.

From the point of view of political and military security, the system has obvious advantages. Retribalization is designed to arrest the Africans' conception of a national consciousness and to encourage them to view their problems through the distorting prism of tribal particularism. The division and dispersal of Africans along tribal lines isolate them from one another and from the Coloured and Indians. Any revolt which

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breaks out in a Bantustan can easily be sealed off and even be allowed to take its course; it endangers no wealth and therefore does not affect the economy. Africans would simply massacre Africans. The system is indeed a trap for those who have the notion of using the Bantustans as a base for launching a people's war. Bantustans, furthermore, strengthen the social bulwark of apartheid by giving an African bureaucracy a stake in the system and, with government loans for businesses and trade, permitting the upward social mobility of aspirant middle-class elements within their own ethnic group. The self-policing role assigned to the Bantustan officials frees an already overstretched white bureaucracy from dealing with the minutiae of African affairs, while it continues to exercise overall control. The system deflects African discontent from the white rulers to African members of the Bantustan bodies who are the immediate, visible representatives of the apartheid order.

Although the Bantustans have no effective power, opponents of the government are deftly using them to fight apartheid from within. As long as their criticisms are strictly constitutional and not translated into action, the government takes no steps and even welcomes them. For one thing, such protests are a useful safety valve for the grievances of a people who have no real rights. For another, they serve the regime as a barometer of pressures building up among the masses.

Predictably, a Black Power movement has taken root under this ruling-class dispensation. It manifests itself in such organizations as the Black Peoples Convention and the South African Students Association, which reject white leadership, take pride in their culture and historical past, and have dignity and a sense of growing strength as a distinct people. The great achievement of Black Power is to reject the division of the oppressed into Africans, Coloured and Indians whose destiny, the advocates of Black Power stress, is now inextricably linked. But the movement has its limitations and dangers. Ethnocentric narcissism may develop and blind its adherents to the political and social problems of the country, which require dynamic programs and organizational forms to deal with the causes of oppression and show the whole nation a way out of the social impasse. Accordingly, the blacks must make alliances with and tackle the problems of the radicalized white students, intellectuals and petite bourgeoisie who now actively oppose the present system. There is also the real danger that aspirant black middle-class elements may use the slogan, "all blacks are brothers," as a device for promoting black capitalism in black areas.

To give the Bantustans a semblance of reality, the regime has shifted its ideas on race. Nineteenth-century social Darwinism, which posits the innate inferiority of the blacks on biological grounds, is now out. Certainly, a substantial stratum of the whites still clings to this doctrine, but in official circles the emphasis is on the differences between whites and blacks as nations, differences grounded in culture, language and traditions. Apartheid is consequently justified, not because the whites are superior but because the nations are different. This shift in race ideology manifests itself in the fact that whites and blacks, in their political and business dealings, no longer meet on the basis of the old master-servant relationship. They shake hands, sit down to meals at the same table in white hotels. Black diplomats from neighboring countries are put up in European residential areas. The same treatment is accorded prominent visiting black sportsmen, actors and Bantustan officials. At the national level, the government now permits mixed sports meetings where Africans, Coloured and Indians can compete as "nations" with white and foreign participants. The signs are that forms of petty apartheid may be dropped for the relatively privileged blacks, even though apartheid for the average oppressed is being more stringently applied.

It has been widely assumed that the tremendous economic expansion of the 1960s helped to raise the living standards of the blacks, and consequently removed the root of their discontent. Quite the reverse is the case: the blacks were in fact the casualties of the economic boom, since their real wages dropped during this period of remarkable economic growth. Average black wages ranged from R400 to R692 a year from 1960 to 1970; those of the whites rose from R1,921 to R3,595. Various surveys have fixed the Poverty Datum Line (PDL) for blacks at R876 per year, but that's the barest survival level and hardly a human standard for survival, since it leaves out such essentials as medical expenses, traveling costs, etc. To secure a subsistence wage, 50 per cent would have to be added to the PDL, raising it to the Minimum Effective Level (MEL). The blacks in general, and the Africans in particular, survive in a physically and mentally deformed state. Wage increases for blacks during the last decade were too meager to keep pace with the rising cost of living, and only a small segment—some semi-skilled urban Africans and especially skilled Coloured and Indians—secured real wage increases.

On top of this, the wage gap between white and black widened during this period. Black earnings in the gold mines in 1969 were not higher in real terms, and possibly lower, than they were in 1911. In agriculture, real wages for Africans are in some cases below the level of sixty years ago. Africans have traditionally supplemented their urban wages by subsistence farming in the Bantustans. Now these extra sources are drying up as a result of overpopulation, soil erosion and the reduction of African livestock. Income per capita in the reserves has dropped by 30 per cent in real terms. The conclusion is inescapable that the sagging black wage rates helped to finance the economic boom and provide a hidden subsidy for the high wage structure of the whites.

Rapid industrialization has, in truth, forced the government to bend or circumvent the color bar in order to utilize black labor more fully. The acute shortage of whites for skilled work—the economy needs 76,000 white workers—also dictates this course of action. One expedient is to reclassify white skilled jobs as "semi-skilled," and then fill them with blacks. Another is to fragment a skilled job, the white taking the best and easiest part at the usual high rates, leaving the other two or three parts to blacks at low rates. This is achieved without increasing the overall wage bill of the firm. A third device is to obtain white trade union permission to fill

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skilled jobs with blacks when no whites are available. In return, the whites in the particular firm are upgraded or transferred as salaried men to the administrative department. In June, the white miners agreed to allow black miners to enter certain skilled jobs for which no white workers could be found. The white miners received in return for this favor an increase of between £29 and £58 a month. The upgraded black miners will however receive slight wage increases only at the end of the year.

The whites can exploit the industrial color bar, which creates an artificial white labor shortage, to secure super wages. By contrast, the voteless, rightless blacks do not have trade union rights with powers to bargain or strike legally. The bar to blacks in many job categories swells the ranks of the unemployed. At the moment, about 6 million Africans have no jobs and they press heavily on the jobs held by 5 million. It is easy for the employers to hire and fire, since new workers can always be recruited from the reserve army of unemployed. The African cannot move about freely to sell his labor at the best price. He is directed by the pass law and the labor bureaus to specific jobs at wages dictated by the state and the employers. Low wages, which keep the African in a poor physical condition, make for low productivity, and vice versa. The position is exacerbated by the apprenticeship laws which effectively bar Africans from acquiring technical and vocational training.

The internal contradictions of South African capitalism and official attempts to cope with them in recent years bore heavily upon the black workers. With the decline in gold production, which has financed industrialization and given South Africa a favorable balance of trade, manufacturing has had to expand rapidly. There are however barriers to this expansion. For one thing, the domestic market is too small to absorb expanding production, because of the low income of the masses. For another, external outlets for manufactured goods need to be found, for which purpose the technological level has to be raised. This means a greater absorption of capital goods and therefore rising imports. However, manufacturing has failed to export goods in sufficient quantity, partly because the world market is owned by the imperialist monopolies against which dependent South African capitalism cannot compete, partly because high white wages make these exports noncompetitive. In 1970, imports were exceeding exports and pushing up the cost of living. Heavy government expenditure, especially on the military machine, was producing inflation. Gold and agricultural exports were insufficient to overcome the adverse balance of trade. South Africa found its gold and foreign reserves being depleted. The government then devalued the rand in December 1971. The effect of devaluation is to increase the price of imported goods and force a reduction in consumption, especially for the blacks with their low incomes. But devaluation also attained its object of reducing the price of exports by giving South Africa an advantage in foreign markets. At all events, runaway inflation was the outcome. In 1972 the cost of living rose by 8 per cent, the biggest jump in the country's history. The consumer price index rose by 7.4 per cent from December 1971 to the same month in 1972. Food was responsible for 27 per cent of this increase. The rate of inflation is currently running at 7.3 per cent a year. Since the blacks have to spend more than half their incomes on food, soaring agricultural prices brought sections of workers to the breaking point. Against this backdrop, the recent strikes acquire their full significance. The white farmers took advantage of rising world food prices to export a larger proportion of their agricultural output. This led to local scarcity which sent food prices rocketing still more. So we have the stark contradiction of the masses of the population producing the goods but having no access to consumption, while the higher-income groups accumulate and consume surplus value.

South Africa has now reached the crossroads. The industrial color bar and the migrant system served to promote mining and agriculture. These sectors could develop on the basis of a small group of skilled white workers and a large group of unskilled black workers. Since the migrants are temporary sojourners in the mining cities, and for the most part do not return after terminating their labor contracts, it was always unprofitable to invest money in their training and education. Besides, the mines with their primitive compounds were saved the expense of providing proper housing, pension schemes, transport costs, sick and holiday pay.

But now that manufacturing dominates the economy, these production relations are obsolete and a fetter on further industrial development. In the first place, rapid mechanization and automation are obliterating the old distinction between skilled and unskilled work. They require more trained and educated workers who can no longer be drawn from the small white population (3.8 million) and must now be recruited from the blacks. Still, about 60 per cent of the economically active Africans have no schooling at all; only 8.3 per cent spent eight years at school; and 0.3 per cent twelve years. The government, it is true, is now honoring the industrial color bar in the breach, though the migrant system continues to operate. Only after the recent labor unrest was vocational and technical training introduced for a limited number of Africans. Mechanization, in the second place, needs a labor force stable enough to acquire the requisite skills and increased productivity. Such skills and productivity would justify higher wage rates which, in turn, would provide a larger internal market for manufactured goods. It appears that the government is surreptitiously sanctioning the permanent settlement in the cities of a small group of Africans, who are to be trained in the capital intensive methods for which multinational corporations have a need.

Having set itself the target of a 5.75 per cent growth rate annually over the next five years, the regime freely admitted a few weeks ago that it envisions a massive inflow of Africans into the urban areas to take up jobs customarily held by whites. If the economy is not to grind to a halt, a growing permanent African labor force in the cities is imperative. How the regime is to square this with the revolutionary dangers which a settled African proletariat poses is a specter that already haunts it. In the long run, moreover, skilled Africans will need to

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have their families with them in the cities. For only family life will support the workers' mental and emotional health and insure long-term efficiency and growing productivity. An expanding modern economy is therefore basically at odds with the migrant system, which will finally have to go. The most explosive problem, however, is that a settled African proletariat with rising wages is at sharp odds with the super wages of the whites, whose living standards must inevitably be whittled down to compensate the industrialists for increased rates for the blacks. That the labor aristocracy will offer implacable resistance to an attack on its wage rates is pretty certain. Already the *verkrampte* (ultra-conservative) section of the ruling Nationalist Party is waiting in the wings to save by force of arms the citadels of white privilege.

It is an axiom of South African politics that the white working class can make or break a government. The regime is therefore caught on the horns of a dilemma, having to guard against the alienation of the white workers' voting power and the revolutionary danger stemming from a rising urban black working class, and at the same time cope with the inexorable laws of economic development. Almost certainly, it will act in a contradictory and inconsistent manner, plunging the country into crisis after crisis. A realignment of class forces, cutting across the race barriers, is in the cards. In the final reckoning, however, only the black masses, who have "more radical chains to break," can find a way out of the impasse. Once the black workers are more firmly based in the cities, they can act from the position of industrial and organizational strength. Their forcible insertion into the political equation, with the backing of the rural poor, will set the stage for a revolutionary way out. □

Black Unions Under Apartheid

ROBERT PLANT

Geneva, Switzerland

If a procession of sixty speakers, each reading a five-minute address, can be called a conference, then it was something of a feather in the cap of the International Labor Organization that it was able to mount an International Trade Union Conference Against Apartheid here in late June. It did so by the device of scheduling the gathering as a meeting of the workers' representatives to the ILO general conference. The great hall of the Palais des Nations, with full international conference facilities, was made available for the purpose. According to the statistics, 180 million workers from approximately 130 countries were represented, including South Africa. Of that total, nearly 100 million are members of Soviet labor unions and some 50 million belong to unions in the United States, West Germany, the United Kingdom, France and Italy. Leaders of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, the World Federation of Trade Unions and the World Confederation of Labor sat together on a public platform for the first time. Joe Morris of the Canadian Labor Congress, who presided, described it as a historic occasion.

In addition to the sixty who spoke, another fourteen delegates, still queuing more or less patiently when the five-hour walk-past was mercifully stopped by the clock, pocketed their manuscripts on the understanding that their undelivered words would appear on the record. It is not likely that they will be very different from the sixty that were heard. Indeed, it seemed for an hour or so that all the mini-speeches were going to be the same, but after a while two opposing attitudes began to appear dimly through the mist. I labeled them the Impossibilists (borrowing Bernard Shaw's old word) and the Realists.

The Impossibilists denounced any kind of constitutional approach in South Africa. Only instant revolution, they implied, can help the African workers. Several of them stated roundly that the spate of wage increases now occurring in South Africa "will make no difference"—as if some extra food for a starving child should be indignantly refused until his parents can run up the red flag on Parliament Hill in Pretoria. While the Impossibilists attacked the denial of trade union rights to African workers, they were against attempts to amend the law, on the ground that any dialogue with the authorities would confer respectability on the regime. Every democratic Socialist is familiar with these arguments in his own country.

The Realists appeared to be fewer in number. Bert Seidman of the AFL-CIO and Cyril Plant of the British Trade Union Council both argued that we should back the groups in South Africa that are trying to win trade union rights for black workers. Seidman, in a good speech, warned that unsolicited support by international communism might prove an embarrassment to these men and women and could give the government a pretext to lock up their leaders. He urged cooperation with the Trade Union Council of South Africa in its campaign for legal recognition of black unions.

Under the Industrial Conciliation Act of 1956, black unions do not qualify for registration in South Africa. White unions may of course register, and so may Coloured and Asian unions. Mixed organizations of whites and nonwhites are permitted, but their executives must consist entirely of whites, unless a special dispensation is obtained. The latest returns give total membership of registered unions in South Africa as 416,000 whites and 198,000 nonwhites. About one-third of them are not affiliated with a central body, the remainder being grouped in two national centers of roughly equal strength, the South African Confederation of Labor and the Trade Union Council of South Africa (TUCSA). The confed-

Robert Plant, a native of Uganda, was once editor in chief of a newspaper group in that country. He is now a free lance in Geneva, writing on Africa and labor.

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eration takes the view that the interests of its members, all whites, are best protected by perpetuating apartheid in industry. The TUCSA has a nonwhite majority of about 5 to 4, and would be willing to affiliate black unions if they were legally recognized.

Black unions are not unlawful but they have no legal status. They are in the precarious position British unions occupied between the repeal of the Combination Acts in 1824 and the passing of the Trade Union Act of 1871. A worker cannot be punished for joining a union but he can be prosecuted as an individual for almost anything he does to attain its objects. Collective bargaining is out, because the union leaders have no legal authority to speak for their members. The sword of Damocles indeed hangs over every leader's head. The Bantu Labour Act of 1953 prohibits strikes by black workers in any circumstances, and anyone defying this prohibition, even by merely expressing sympathy with a stoppage, may be jailed for three years. If he is convicted of "sabotage" under the Suppression of Communism Act 1950, the minimum behind bars is five years.

Not that the authorities need wait for a conviction to dismember the union leadership. Under the Act, a person may be designated a "Communist" by the Minister of Justice without a public hearing, placed under house arrest and barred from holding office. This, no doubt, is the provision Bert Seidman had in mind when he warned of support volunteered by international communism. Hundreds of union activists have in fact been served with banning orders in the twenty-three years the Act has been in force.

And yet thousands of Africans are members of labor unions. The largest, the National Union of Clothing Workers of South Africa, has 18,000 members and acts as a sort of unofficial central organization, helping smaller unions to organize. Its general secretary, Mrs. Lucy Mvubelo, told me that 400,000 black workers are already unionized in South Africa despite the dangers and difficulties. She came to Geneva expecting to speak for them at the ILO meeting, but the organizers decided instead to recognize the South African Congress of Trade Unions, whose leaders were jailed or fled the country in the 1960s after the government cracked down on them for alleged political offenses. So bitter is the feeling between the exiles and the leaders on the spot that the Impossibilists at Geneva threatened a walkout if Lucy Mvubelo was allowed on the rostrum.

Mrs. Mvubelo showed me a copy of the speech she had hoped to deliver. Here are some extracts:

> I am a trade unionist and worker who knows how the ordinary African worker suffers under the discriminatory and harmful effects of apartheid in South Africa, because I am a praticing union leader in South Africa. . . . I have to contend daily with the problems of the workers under the apartheid system. I am not fortunate enough to look at them from outside South Africa or from a position of safety and distance. This is why I can speak with sincerity, feeling and authority—because I am there and not somewhere else.
>
> For years I have heard the arguments, the proposals and suggestions for removing the apartheid system, and I must express my doubts as to whether what has up until now been suggested be either desirable or effective for me or my fellow African workers in South Africa. . . . Any program of action must be jointly planned with the actual representation of the resident South African workers.
>
> Don't isolate us, don't break off contact and don't advocate disengagement and withdrawal of foreign investments—because you will still be talking in another ten years' time, and the situation will not have changed in South Africa to any degree. The trade union movement in South Africa—Africans, Coloureds, Indians and whites—is the only instrument which will bring about change.
>
> Investments from foreign countries have created job opportunities for thousands of African workers who would otherwise have been unemployed. Thanks to the pressure of trade unions in these countries, black workers employed by these foreign companies have recently gained large wage increases, much larger than the wage increases obtained by black workers employed by South African firms. . . . I appeal to our trade union colleagues not to make the task of the black people of South Africa more difficult by asking for withdrawal of these companies from South Africa. . . . The government will tell them that their jobs have been closed by the insistence of their fellow trade unionists overseas.

Mrs. Mvubelo wants the ILO to open a dialogue with TUCSA, which earlier this year balloted its sixty-four affiliated unions on the question of African registration. Only two small unions, one white, one Coloured, out of the first thirty-eight to reply, supported the *status quo*; the rest overwhelmingly favored putting pressure on the government to reform the law. In the past, TUCSA has been fairly evenly divided on the issue, though its general secretary, Arthur Grobbelaar, has long been an advocate of trade union rights for all workers. The size of the majority on this occasion undoubtedly reflected the members' reaction to the magnificent series of strikes organized by black workers last year and early this. [See article by Kenneth Jordaan, this issue.] They are not the only ones to have been impressed. The strikes were broken, but the subsequent behavior of the authorities showed they had been given a good fright. Hundreds of arrested workers were released without charges being laid, and in many other cases charges were withdrawn with no reasons given. Instead, relatively large pay raises were granted—as high as 40 per cent in the case of the longshoremen, who had stopped the ports of Durban and Cape Town. None of this, to be sure, amounts to social justice, but it must be remembered that every single striker was breaking the law.

The bosses, too, have been shaken. Many of South Africa's leading employers are now on record as favoring recognition of black trade unions. It is not that they love the workers any more for showing their teeth. What they love is industrial peace, and the events of 1972 and 1973 have taught them that there is no hope of obtaining it without organized labor. The time, therefore, seems to be ripe for a concerted push for a change in the law. The right to organize would not only bring quick bread-and-butter advantages to South African workers; it would, in my view, mark the beginning of a gradual dismantling of the apparatus of apartheid. □

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DO YOU REMEMBER HULA HOOPS?

CENTER FOR POPULAR CULTURE

ROY BONGARTZ

With gleams in their eyes three men—one tall, intent and businesslike; the others much younger and following his lead—push open the door of a Salvation Army store in a modern shopping center and make a beeline for the rear of the long fluorescent-lighted room. The leader calls out a familiar "How you doing, Alice?" to a motherly woman at the cash register as he pounces on a tall stack of 45-rpm phonograph records. His helpers find other piles and flip through them in single-minded fervor interspersed with an occasional "Oh wow!" or "Hey, look at this Elvis on Sun!" This is Bill Schurk, librarian of the marvelous and world's only Center for the Study of Popular Culture, and a couple of his students out on a junking expedition. In no time they accumulate ninety prizes for which they pay Alice $9 as they file out, averting their eyes from the seductive shelves and tables full of old comic books, musty Victorian novels, 1930s electrical appliances, back-issue magazines and a megaphone marked "Central High School Bears." Schurk would load up everything in sight, if he could, for the appetite of the Center is voracious and wildly eclectic, but money is tight. So with a certain scientific rigorousness he is just now concentrating on records.

Schurk already has more than 100,000 records in his lavish audio center on the top floor of the new library of Bowling Green State University, in Ohio, home of the Center and fountainhead of a new branch of learning now breaking out in colleges all over the land. "To be able to go out junking like this I have to keep everything we already have in mind. I can do it, I can remember all the records; it's a kind of special sense I have." There is practically no imaginable kind of record that Schurk would not add to his collection, except for classical music already collected by the Music Department, but he does have hundreds of special wants in mind as he shuffles rapidly through the discs. He is looking, for example, for an album by the Jamies, who were rock-and-roll madrigal singers; for *It's Love, Love, Love,* by Guy Lombardo; for anything whatever on the Sun, Chess, or Vee-jay labels; for a Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson album; and for Ku Klux Klan records, especially old 78 rpms. Everything will be squirreled away along the walls and walls of shelves in the audio center, and some day there will be a card catalogue for it all, if the student indexers ever manage to catch up with Schurk's booty.

But the records are only a department of the colorful variety of stuff being amassed, ton by ton, in the Center. Ray Browne, the English professor who dreamed up the whole idea of the Center three years ago, goes in for the printed word, especially anything that the university's straight library turns from its door, and he buys old books and magazines by the truckload, sending crews of his students out in a rented van to annual bazaars and fairs put on by charitable groups and women's organizations around northern Ohio. "Those intellectuals who say trash is no good are missing a point," says Browne. "It has an appeal and if something appeals to the society around us, we ought to understand it." He blames academicians for failing to provide any bridge for "the growing gap between life on campus and that facing the student when he is away from school. As a result of this failure, students feel disenchanted with campus life and their professors, and are alienated because they feel that the life they are taught about—and lead—on campus is unreal, that campus life does not prepare them for life off campus."

To the rescue comes Browne's popular culture, which he says "provides a kind of audio-video profile of a nation. It pictures the smiles and it echoes the signs of contentment. It also points to the locations of fissures in the crust of society through which seethes and explodes the lava of public discontent." It is made of many, many parts, each practitioner having a sort of personal grip on what he thinks he's doing with all this junk and ephemera. Here, for example, is a definition from David Madden, who teaches the subject:

> Popular culture is a garish galaxy of bubble gum, rock music festivals, hula hoops, trading stamps, bingo, Superman heroes, marathon dances, drive-in movies and restaurants, saloons, success worship, miracle cure medicines (Hadacol), war-lore, baby-lore, skateboards, flagpole sitters, crooners, coupons, gangster heroes (Jesse James, Bonnie and Clyde), baseball, the romance of old trains and streetcars, TV dinners, easy lessons (piano, guitar, painting by the numbers), motorcycles, football, diet plans, golf, fishing, toys, crossword puzzles, tourist traps, Civil War mementos (Confederate flag), beauty salons, birth control pills, astrology, etiquette, contests, wild dances (jitterbug and the frug), bridge, religious revivals (Billy Sunday, Billy Graham), get-rich-quick plans, superstitions, hot rods, poker, hobbies, U-drive-its, communes, education, mores, how-to-do-it books, dating patterns, movie star worship, physical culturists, pantie raids, clichés, newspapers, fashions, slang, do-it-yourself kits, campus riots, sub-cultures, utopias, slums, suburban supermarkets, slogans ("Give me liberty or give me death" and "I'd walk a mile for a Camel").

"Our problem is that we have no way of knowing today what will turn out to be of historical or cultural importance," says Ray Browne. Thus the kitchen-sink technique that may take any object whatever and make it a subject of study. One student at Bowling Green, William Small, senses a mysterious religious aura in the new approach: "I see significance in everything," he says. "I took popular culture courses and now I see significance in hub caps."

Bill Schurk is librarian for the whole motley assemblage, and with his audio center on the top floor of

Roy Bongartz, author of Twelve Chases on West 99th Street *(Houghton Mifflin), and for many years a* Nation *contributor, is completing a book on the small towns of America.*

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Ray Browne

the building and the pulp, pornography and hard cover trash-book collection in the basement, the traditional library in between may be feeling a sort of spiritual squeeze. Schurk admits that at first, two-thirds of the students who came up to listen to records over individual earphones did so for the fun of it and were enrolled in no popular culture courses. "I don't care," he says. "They can't do it for long before the spirit of studying popular culture will begin to rub off on them." Although Schurk gets only $3,000 a year to buy records, he has already accumulated this enormous mass of them by begging donations from radio stations and by using a HEW grant of $23,000 to buy many staples of folklore and poetry recorded by the Library of Congress. What Schurk hates most is to have people tell him about records and books that they used to have piled up in their cellars and attics. "We're thinking of putting up a sign: 'If you threw it away or burned it, don't tell us about it.'" A minor problem Schurk has been facing is theft. A recent memo listed as missing a Capitol recording of *Waitin' in Your Welfare Line*, an RCA of *Rindercella* and a Rojac of *Christmas in Vietnam*. The locks have been changed.

Schurk likes to collect such discophobic arcana as a broadside from the Citizens Council of Greater New Orleans reading: "Help Save The Youth of America—Don't Buy Negro Records." He also has a rare copy of the Anti-rock Pledge, distributed by a Denver fanatic:

> Confessing my faith in Christ and desiring to communicate His love and truth to my generation and Recognizing that many of the songs and singers of rock music express and promote a morality and life-style contrary to the highest of Christian principles,
>
> I hereby pledge myself to the following:
>
> 1. I will abstain from voluntarily listening to rock music so that I may adhere to the admonition of the Apostle Paul to "think upon those things which are pure, honest, just, lovely, and of a good report." (Philippians 4:8)
>
> 2. I will destroy all rock records and tapes in my possession as an outward, symbolic act signifying my inner dedication to conscientiously discriminate as to the records I buy and listen to. (I John 5:21)

"Just think, if people had done this kind of collecting a hundred years ago!" Schurk says with enthusiasm. "We are seeding for the future!" Down in the basement, he points out a 1915 cash register and an old pinball machine; filing cabinets hold such pulps as *Thrilling Wonder Stories* and *Weird Tales*, as well as heavy stacks of *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Evergreen Review*. There are indexes and check lists of fantastic films and of science fiction, and such Big Little Books as *Speed Douglas and the Mole Gang: The Canal Sabotage Plot*, and *Popeye Sees the Sea*. There are copies of *Sexual Freedom Quarterly* ("incorporates *Love, Intercourse*, and *Position*" reads a note in the masthead), dime novels *(Fred Fearnot and the Snake-Charmer)*, and new-car catalogues from many a distant year. Bumper stickers proliferate in a drawer of their own—"Free Huey Newton," "Ocean World Porpoise Show: Fort Lauderdale"—and there is even an impenetrable thicket of travel folders from half a dozen unsorted eras. Mail-order catalogues, old postcards, baseball cards, political handbills, aging encyclopedias, scrapbooks of newspaper clippings, college catalogues, snapshot albums, and tens of thousands of books on every conceivable subject unscheduled in the real library upstairs (Road to Heaven books, Heroic Women of History books, Margaret Sanger books, Show Biz books, and Child Rearing books like *Little Talks with Mothers of Little People*) overwhelm a visitor. Where are you supposed to start on it—from which end? Despite the musty smell from the yellowing billions of pages, there is an ominously alive presence here of some uncontrollably growing force that's going to crush you.

At 51 Ray Browne sits very happily in the throne room of popular culture—half a dozen small connecting offices on the ground floor of University Hall, where he and his wife Pat, his teachers and a few student clerical workers plan junking forays; edit an impressive 250-page quarterly, *Journal of Popular Culture*; run a book publishing enterprise called Popular Press, mail out a 15-page periodical newsletter, *Popular Culture Methods*, to high schools; arrange the annual four-day convention of the Popular Culture Association (this spring in Indianapolis); cook up original popular culture projects for students; launch ideas for brand-new courses; and in every way they can think of, spread the gospel of popular culture. A native of Millport, Ala., Browne has a cheerful, avuncular attitude that does not quite hide a tireless determination. He is a man of enormous enthusiasm, although not given to any histrionics, and unlike some of his colleagues he has a deep respect for the English language, and knows how to write it. He is the academic product of English Departments—Birmingham, Ala.; Nottingham, England; Columbia—and has published more than a dozen books on American studies and folklore. In these fields, he says, "I worked all along with increasing restiveness. I figured, something is missing here."

When Browne came over to Bowling Green from Purdue in 1967 to teach American studies, with the added enticement of support for starting a quarterly, the cork came out of the genie's bottle, and he began his campaign to bring popular culture out into the open, offer courses in it, get it accepted for bachelor's and master's degrees. In December 1971, Bowling Green became the

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first university to offer an M.A. in popular culture, and a Ph.D. is in the works. "We're not revolutionary," Browne says, "but we're awfully rapidly evolutionary." Opposition, Browne recalls, came in charges that popular culture would lower academic standards, that it would waste taxpayers' money, and that "we would get creepy students. Well, they were here already; I guess it's O.K. to have a creep in sociology courses, but not in the English Department." (Popular culture does not yet have its own department of the university.) There were also variously muffled squawks that popular culture would lure students away from more serious scholarship, the assumption being that anything was more serious than popular culture. "I see people learning how to wash dishes and mop floors in the Home Economics Department," Browne says, "but I'm certainly not going to tell them they're wasting taxpayers' money or that they're not serious."

Browne's new courses had to be voted on by administration officials and faculty, and it was the jealous teachers who gave him a rough time. When held up on permission for new courses he simply shifted his regular literature and folklore courses over to popular culture. Finally he got his degree programs approved, the M.A. requiring a nod from the state board of regents and graduate deans of the eleven other state universities in Ohio. "The way I got it through was, I said, 'By God I'm getting it!' If I was turned down on five courses, I'd change some of their titles and get three of them through. What I learned was that if you lie down in front of the tank, it's not going to run over you! Gandhi did it!"

What bothers even the enthusiasts is how to choose, from the colossal accumulation of things our civilization has produced and is forever producing, the subjects that should be studied. Browne's solution is to make almost no critical judgments, asserting that almost anything *can* be studied usefully. "Ellery Queen sells 100 million copies. For anyone who is read that much, the question of quality is irrelevant—we ought to know what made him tick. I preach against judging because it makes us condemn something without reading it—I'm interested in these writings archeologically, as artifacts of our civilization. I study this material the way a doctor works on cancer—it doesn't mean he loves cancer. The tradition is that we're supposed to read Shakespeare because we'll love him; I say let's read X because we need to understand him. All this doesn't mean that we're blindly approving of all this material—serious criticism of comic books would be a waste of time."

But Browne does not want his collection to turn into a museum. "We were offered the biggest collection of hub caps in the country, but we just don't want to be the leading library of hub caps so we turned it down. But I'm glad to have some old burlesque posters of Rose LaRose that some of my students have just found in an old theatre basement in Toledo." Browne wants to make Bowling Green a world center for research on detective fiction, and to this end has begun amassing the working notes and manuscripts of contemporary popular writers as well as taped interviews with them. Some writers have refused to cooperate when they find they will be studied as examples of typical "third-rate authors." Browne collects Pearl Buck and Faith Baldwin volumes, and has detective manuscripts by Joanna Russ and those of Susy Smith on psychic subjects. A windfall was a $100,000 library donated by a Cleveland disc jockey with academic pretensions. Included were complete sets of Tarzan and the Apes, and the Bobbsey Twins. "Where we will not go," says Browne, "is, for example, into milk bottles. Somebody asked me if I realized the importance of milk bottles in America, but I'll just pass that one by. But an old Victrola, or a jukebox—O.K.!" Although Browne believes that popular culture can answer many students' strident demands for "relevancy" in college courses, he denies that it has a political angle. "Somebody said it was the 'cutting edge of the revolution,' but in general it is probably conservative. As far as I am concerned, it is apolitical. I am very optimistic about its future, because in an educational world where innovation is desperately needed, this is a way for innovation to be made respectable."

One problem is getting over to students an idea of exactly what is going on. Fred Schroeder, a popular culture teacher at the University of Minnesota, says students need "an indoctrination to the legitimate areas, problems and questions of popular culture. There's no use giving them answers unless they know the questions. The problem was more serious than I thought, because at the end of the quarter, two students told me they thought that I was crazy to be talking about Johnny Cash, William S. Hart, Petula Clark and sandwich-glass-cup plates. I think, though, that any of us who has begun to use the objects of popular culture in his classes is familiar with having his sanity questioned by students."

The enemies of popular culture go back to early "elitists," as they are called around Bowling Green, such as José Ortega y Gasset, who in 1932 warned that the rise of mass culture would destroy all excellence in the arts because "the mass crushes beneath it everything that is excellent, individual, qualified, and select." Later, Dwight Macdonald postulated a law of mass culture that the bad product drives out the good. Today Russell Kirk of the University of Michigan continues the attack, claiming that popular culture is debasing and anti-intellectual. William Gass of Purdue University asserts that "the products of popular culture have no more aesthetic quality than a brick in the streets." A popular culturist's reply would be, first, that aesthetics is not in question, and, second, to start a brick collection. David Madden sums up the attitude of many adepts of the new discipline, or non-discipline: "If we are what we consume, then perhaps we ought to look more closely at what we daily reach for, touch, put in our mouths, and allow into our ears, our eyes and our noses. What is this krud, this korn, this kulture? Whether we like it or not, it is the stuff democratic man is made of, and if the proper study of mankind is man, we ought to study what shapes a man."

Teaching methods in popular culture, like those in other subjects, vary according to students' interests, and in one Bowling Green course a student may skip exams and term papers if he's willing to settle for a "B" or less (an "A" still requires the old ordeals). Projects in one introductory course could be the writing of a formula short

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story, the production of a radio or television program (on campus stations), the making of a film, conducting an interview with a popular culture figure, the creation of a new game, or the presentation of a multi-media show "to create an event that would be 'cool' in McLuhan's sense of the term." Assignments may include watching the six o'clock news on TV: "There are countless surprises in store for the world this week," says one assignment. "Be the first on your block to really know what's happenin'."

One Bowling Green teacher, Michael Marsden, likes to bring in what he calls "community professors"—specialists in some area of popular culture who do not have academic status, such as a theatre circuit manager who can lecture on how to book films, or a television personality. A thesis for a master's degree can take almost any form; one candidate, an aspiring rock singer named David Capus, has submitted his—it consists of pressings of two of Capus' original songs, *Hour of the Wolf* and *Dream Child*, that have been sent to 500 disc jockeys around the country. Included in the thesis is an account of how Capus intends to make the big time. Browne is exceptionally proud of his first graduate in popular culture, a Cleveland student named Leonard Estrin. A "great square peg," until Browne tailored a series of popular culture courses for him, Estrin originally turned down every standard course he tried, but now, thanks to popular culture, he has a promising job in a Cleveland advertising agency—"the brightest kid they have!" claims Browne.

In spite of Bowling Green's international notoriety as the home of popular culture studies, there are still, out of 14,600 students on campus only about 300 undergraduates in the program, with another two dozen working on master's degrees and a score of Ph.D. candidates for English degrees who are working in popular culture fields. ("That will be a brave young man who takes the first Ph.D. in popular culture," says Browne.) But the new discipline is clearly booming, and a *Chicago Tribune* observer suggests that "like Clark Kent, who can duck behind your back and suddenly become Superman, perhaps Bowling Green's Center for the Study of Popular Culture is in its phone booth stage." What puzzles many academic trend followers is why the Center popped up in northern Ohio, rather than, say, at some California school near the centers of film and television, or at a New York college near the sources of books, magazines and comics. The reason that this flat, ordinary Ohio town of 30,000 population became a pop-cult capital is obvious: Ray Browne is here. When asked about this, he turns the question aside: "If we'd been Harvard or Yale or Princeton we'd have been famous long ago, but because we're out in Ohio we had to fight to make ourselves heard." Says Charles Leone, the dean of the graduate school who has backed the Center from the beginning, "It's not strange that the Center should be here. I'm delighted that it is—why shouldn't it be here? But there's one thing that gets under my skin, and that's to hear somebody claim that because it's not at Harvard or somewhere like that it can't be of any importance. I say that some of the best work in the country is going on at emerging universities, but there are few who pay attention to that."

Leone gives the back of his hand to journalists who write features that claim Bowling Green is giving master's degrees in comic books. They are just sheep bleating in the wilderness. "They always publish a photograph of that damned cash register or the pinball machine, because they're more visible—shelves of books don't make a picture. We do have a problem—we have to guard against becoming everybody's attic. Still, we may have to accept a ton of junk to find 5 pounds of useful materials, especially when we're not sure just where we want to go with all this. I think we ought to pick two or three areas and emphasize them, and then tell other schools, look at what Bowling Green is doing and do something else." Leone, a biologist, believes that every academic persuasion, including his own, has connections with popular culture. "Biology is directly related to drugs, alcohol, tobacco—all part of popular culture now."

Leone sees popular culture as part of a natural growth rather than as a flash in the pan: "It developed just as genetics emerged from biology," he says. Ray Browne, who of course came through many years of teaching American studies himself, joyfully agrees: "We take American studies and put a smile on it." □

CAMPAIGN FUNDS

HOW TO CURE THE CORRUPTION

SEN. ALAN CRANSTON

Our society has a recurring need to scrap and replace institutions and practices that have become outmoded. An egregious example of an American way whose time has passed is our method of paying for political campaigns.

It may have been all right in the free-swinging, underpopulated, largely agrarian democracy of the 19th century to have political candidates raise campaign money as they saw fit. At worst, rich people got richer and poor people got poorer, but the consequences of political corruption seldom shook the underpinnings of the American people's faith in the democratic system.

When Abraham Lincoln ran for Congress in 1846, his supporters raised $200 for his campaign. He won—and gave back $199.25, saying:

> I did not need the money. I made the canvass on my

Alan Cranston is a United States Senator from California.

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own horse; my entertainment, being at the houses of friends, cost me nothing; and my only outlay was 75 cents for a barrel of cider, which some farm hands insisted I should treat to.

Today's candidate would envy Lincoln's concern with that barrel of cider. He did not have to worry about TV spots, computerized mass mailings, whistle-stopping by jet, $1,000-a-plate dinners, or the other superchrome paraphernalia of today's campaigns.

In this final third of the 20th century, social and economic power has grown prodigiously. The media possess a potential for influencing (if not controlling) the minds of millions of Americans. Corporate conglomerates have appeared, whose assets dwarf the wealth of nations. Our very government has grown into an unwieldly behemoth. An incipient American dictator would find in our government—right now—the tools for surveillance, for manipulation, for control and for retribution, beyond even George Orwell's predictions.

Our institutions of self-government and our elected officials are prime targets of those who seek to dominate these vast power resources. Gaining control of power is what political corruption in the 1970s is all about. And money, in the form of campaign contributions, is the means.

Watergate was a gross perversion of our democracy, but it was not an improbable consequence of the way campaign contributions, in huge sums, corrupt the political environment.

Political big money imperceptibly but inevitably erodes the impartiality of our best men and our best institutions. If the role of the big contribution continues to escalate in politics, Watergate will be only the first chapter in the deterioration of democratic government in the United States.

As Tom Wicker has written in *The New York Times*:

> All too plainly, and whatever laws may or may not have been broken, the sense of ethics of too many highly placed men in the Nixon Administration was sadly lacking. That fact, combined with too much money too eagerly given by too many compliant people, made Watergate and the cover-up possible, and the need for drastic change in election financing evident.

I believe that elected officials are clearly in the best position to know the effects of big money in politics. We have a moral responsibility to tell the American people how big money affects politics and we should have the courage to do so. I think the American people are in the mood for honesty. I know they will accept change in our method of financing elections if we talk to them honestly about the problem.

The costs of today's political campaigning force a candidate to seek hundreds of thousands, even millions, of dollars from private interests. The candidate and his campaign fund raisers must seek these people out.

Running for statewide office in California is an extreme illustration of the magnitude of such a fund-raising effort. A Senator from California serves the largest constituency ever to be represented by a legislator in the history of the world. Its 21 million people constitute a legislative district where political campaigning is big business requiring millions of dollars.

A Senatorial candidate might prefer to keep contributions small and broadly based, yet some reliance on big donors is politically inescapable because of the huge amount of money needed for a successful campaign in California. Senate races in California have cost up to $2 million.

A candidate knows that he will have to spend his time seeking out large contributors that would be better spent meeting as many constituents as possible—regardless of financial status. Sen. Walter Mondale has said, "the system . . . tells those who run for public office, 'you must first make your peace with those who have enough money to permit you to become elected.' "

The effect of large contributions on the victorious candidate is sometimes blatant, but usually subtle. He knows his victory was won in part by the generosity of those individuals who made large donations. He knows who they are; he remembers their names and the names of their companies.

If he is an honest man, he will not let big contributors determine how he is going to vote. But even the honest public official finds that he must give to the big donor's concerns his time and attention, his sympathetic ear, his willingness to intervene when he can do so legitimately.

The officeholder recognizes that while some big givers contribute solely for the sake of good government and a belief in the candidate and his principles, they are a minority. He knows that the majority expect their contributions will at least give them access to him. And access, at the least, means the ability to drop in anytime for an informal visit or to present their views before the officeholder acts on an issue.

A busy public official can see only a limited number of people in any one day. But he must always do his best to fit a major contributor into his schedule. That may squeeze out someone else who has as much—perhaps more—to say; it is utterly unfair, but inescapable under present conditions.

To eliminate the insidious influence of big money contributions we must, at the very least, impose absolute limits both on the amount of money an individual may contribute to a campaign and on the amount a candidate may spend. There's the rub. A meaningfully low limit on individual contributions would, under present methods of fund raising, create monumental problems for a candidate—especially for one who is challenging an incumbent in office.

Only public financing of federal campaigns can effectively resolve this problem. As Sen. Russell Long, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee has noted, public financing of campaigns would free candidates

> . . . from the need of going hat in hand to seek contributions, and in doing that it tends to protect the confidence of the public in the victor, and it tends to reduce the pressure to respond to the entreaties that are made to elected officials by those who contribute to the campaigns.

I believe we should limit the amount a person can contribute to a candidate for federal office to only $250

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—not $6,000 ($3,000 each in the primary and the general) as proposed in the Senate-passed reform bill. Not many people can afford to contribute $6,000 to campaigns—and those who do will continue to have preference over those who don't.

But to elicit the hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of dollars of small contributions needed to amass the huge amounts required to run for the Senate or the Presidency would necessitate a massive and successful fund-raising campaign. This may not prove practicable for every candidate, especially for a challenger. To make things worse, such a fund-raising campaign itself would call for heavy outlays of money. Where is this "seed money" to come from?

The only workable answer, I believe, is a broad system of public financing to complement—and stimulate—small contributions by large numbers of people. I am introducing a comprehensive bill that will bring that about. Hearings on the measure will be held by the Senate Committee on Rules and Administration, chaired by Sen. Howard W. Cannon.

In brief, my bill would match with federal funds small individual private contributions in both primary and general federal elections. To qualify for federal funds a candidate for the House of Representatives would first have to raise at least $2,500 privately. A Senatorial candidate would have to raise $10,000; a Presidential candidate, $100,000. These are not formidable amounts, but they are high enough to keep out nonserious candidates who have no real base of popular support.

Candidates who raise this "qualifying" money from private sources would then become eligible for federal matching funds: 2 to 1 in the primary and 4 to 1 in the general election. However: (*a*) only private contributions of $50 or less would be eligible for federal matching, and (*b*) under no condition could any single person's private contribution exceed $250.

Moreover, there would be rigid limits on how much money—public and private—could be spent in a campaign: 10¢ per person of voting age in a Presidential primary and 15¢ per person in the general election, for example. All private and public contributions would be deposited in a single trust account to be expended under the supervision of a court-appointed bank officer.

The public financing formula I proposed has the advantage of covering primary as well as general elections. It would bring more people into the electoral process and decrease the influence of the so-called "fat cats."

Tight limits on nonmatching private contributions, added to the incentives of matching funds, will motivate a candidate to seek out the small contributor. Political influence no longer will require the kind of contributions made by Ashland Oil or American Airlines. It no longer will require the $2 million contribution of a Clement Stone. The American working man and woman will be on a par with the executives of the largest corporations. And what is equally significant, my proposal will enable the "outs" to raise sufficient funds to challenge the "ins."

The artificial limits imposed by other proposals severely hamper minor-party candidates. They fail to recognize that in some states or districts a third party may be, in fact, the major party, or that some candidates can run successfully as independents with widespread support. Handicapped by artificial limits, such candidates would find it impossible to run a winning campaign. My proposal places no restrictions on the minor-party or independent candidate. He can participate in the matching program as fully as his base of support justifies.

Incumbents in office have an understandable urge toward self-protection. We would be less than human if we did not. But we also know that equal opportunity is the very essence of democracy—and that the protection of equal opportunity for all Americans supersedes in importance the protection of incumbents in office.

Incumbents have overwhelming advantages quite apart from the matter of money. Some of these advantages—such as the recognition that comes from public service—cannot be affected by any form of legislation. But if we insist upon maintaining—or expanding—the money-raising advantages we already possess, we will betray our trust.

We should not try to postpone the inevitable. I believe reform must come, and I predict that more than one of those incumbents who stand in its path will be swept aside—and out. And rightfully so. After all, what have our careers in public life meant if we permit self-interest to dominate our actions on this most crucial of issues?

I estimate my proposal would cost the individual taxpayer $1 or $2 a year—a bargain price to pay to take the curse of big money out of the political system and get it back into the hands of the people, where it belongs. As Clayton Fritchey has pointed out, public financing of an election year's campaigns "at the maximum . . . would be less than one-tenth of one per cent of what Vietnam cost."

The fact is that big campaign contributions buy economic privileges of various kinds, like tax breaks, exceptions to the law, special subsidies or careless law enforcement. Every one of these economic privileges takes money out of the pockets of the average American taxpayer. By spending $1 to $2 a year the average citizen could get back literally hundreds of dollars in the form of fairer taxes, more competitive prices and better quality consumer products.

Events of the past year have caused some of those who have fought public financing in the past to rethink their positions. For example, Sen. Howard Baker, the vice chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities, said in late July: "I was one of the sturdiest opponents of public financing in the past. . . . In light of the hearings which have been held, I owe it to myself and the public to reconsider that possibility."

If enough members of Congress are willing to "reconsider that possibility," then we may finally be able to "shut off the underground rivers of private money that pollute politics at every level of the federal government," as Sen. Edward Kennedy put it. Ending our electoral system's dependence on large private donations may be the most crucial issue of our time. It goes to the very heart of our democratic process. How we resolve it will in turn determine how we resolve every other problem our nation faces. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Again the Yogi and the Commissar

MYSTICISM AND MORALITY: Oriental Thought and Moral Philosophy. *By Arthur C. Danto. Basic Books. 127 pp. $5.95.*

TODD GITLIN

The allure of Eastern religion is catching former political activists at precisely the point at which radicalism seems dead-ended, and it is no wonder that radicals who don't know how to be radical in the Nixon era are concluding that the East represents godlike Void just as a few years ago they thought the East was Red. Of course it is not only stalled radicals who are harking to the mysterious "bou-oum" of the East, but thousands of well- and ill-intentioned middle-class Americans in revolt against the Judaeo-Christian tradition of guilt-ridden religion and anxiety about self. (Social movements that place great demands on their adherents to change themselves, like the New Left and radical feminism, also increase guilt and anxiety.) In times of social turmoil and of expectations first raised and then disappointed, when rationalism seems unproductive or, in its technological incarnation, poisonous, it is natural that people will look for religion and for attendant therapies that promise an end to suffering itself.

Although some radicals of the 1960s generation are taking Eastern religion and mysticism as absolute alternatives to a political world view, there are, here and there, attempts to forge a synthesis that would allow one to feel "the oneness of the universe" and to act on the world at the same time. This is a quest that recurs in Western thinking. In 1943 Arthur Koestler found both the Yogi and the Commissar wanting, and yearned for salvation in the form of a synthesis between the saint and the revolutionary. (Subsequently he disowned both.) At about the same time F.S.C. Northrop called for a synthesis between what he called the "undifferentiated aesthetic continuum" of the East and the theoretical comprehension of the West; though he was not particularly interested in a political synthesis, his thesis had a parallel tendency. And in the 1960s the Zen-trained poet Gary Snyder found fault with orthodox Buddhism for its quietism, and extracted from Buddhism a kernel of ecological activism. (In the realm of activity we have the nonviolent resistance of Gandhi and the intermittent revolt of the Vietnamese Buddhists.)

Arthur Danto's concern is not with political possibilities as such, though his argument is relevant to them. His concern as an analytic philosopher is with the logical compatibility of Eastern religion with morality as such; he argues that we cannot have our Western notions of what the world is and accept Eastern religion at the same time. If we want what we call morality, we must stay at home. His book is nicely and succinctly argued and, what is more, sustains a sympathy with ideas that Danto, and many of us, find as bizarre as they are somehow appealing. Danto's skepticism is itself appealing. It seems to me, though, that Danto's argument finally fails to do justice to the issues raised by the Eastern influx, but this is not because he fails to fulfill his promise; it is rather because his approach itself is self-limiting. Let me first sketch his argument with, I hope, a decent degree of fidelity.

Danto begins with the truth that part of any moral proposition consists of factual statements. "Thou shalt not kill" presupposes a definition of who is human. Factual statements do not determine moral propositions, but they do rule some out. So far, so good. Danto will proceed to demonstrate that Eastern thought presupposes, and is logically—or psychologically—inseparable from, factual premises that are incompatible with the Western mode of thought.

The great religions rooted in India, Hinduism and Buddhism, rest on a factual belief which is in turn anchored (and verified) sociologically: belief in the transmigration of souls or selves. The system of *karma*—the residue of past lives in the present one—is "a moral mechanics" decreeing that one's present station, and happiness, are dependent on one's past lives. *Karma* is thus punishment for a sort of sin; that sin in turn is dependent not only on past practices but on the height, or depth, of past incarnations. Suffering is thus built into the human condition, and caste position is *karma* incarnate. One is forever "bound upon a wheel of fire"; death is no release, but rather the prologue to a resumption of the endless destiny of *karma*. There is in Indian thought, accordingly, an all-encompassing boredom; not the boredom of a child who is looking for something else to do but that of a person who can expect no deliverance. The particular form that boredom takes is suffering: and suffering is caused, said the Buddha, by attachment. If there were no self to be attached to, indeed if what we take to be the world were itself illusion, one would be released from the bondage of *karma* and therefore blissful. Enlightenment, *Nirvana*, comes in the realization —the *experience*, the Buddhists say— that the self has no independent existence, that all is one. One is liberated not only from self but from the illusion of difference between one and the universe, between one and others and other things. In the overcoming of distinctions one transcends good and evil; the Buddhist "technology of ecstasy" transforms all values. One is beyond morality when one realizes that everything is one, and sacred.

Danto's exposition of the Buddha's Four Noble Truths is impeccable. The Second, that the cause of suffering is attachment, desire, craving, leads directly to the "technology of ecstasy," the systematic stripping away of desires. "One must accept *karma*," Danto says, "for the Second Noble Truth to have" its force. Through ignorance, we hold onto our separateness; when knowledge is achieved—and it is achieved only by experiencing it—we are free of the chain that ties us to self, to past selves, and therefore to suffering. We realize that *Samsara*, the flux of things, is itself *Nirvana*. Let me quote Danto on this point as he summarizes his argument:

> Whether or not this is a formula for salvation, it is not bad as a formula for attaining happiness. According to it, this world is the only world, salvation not consisting in the transcendence of this world into a world beyond, but in accepting this world as sanctified. What is called for is not a transformation of the world, but a transformation of the vision of ourselves and our relation to the world. This is a teaching it is difficult not to respect. But I do not believe it will

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do as a moral philosophy. Since it permits the ritualization of everything, every act can be interpreted as a religious discipline, such as the manufacture of instruments of torture, the skills involved in bringing the maximum of exquisite agony to one's victim. . . . Ethics has to do with how we should treat one another, not merely with how we are to treat ourselves alone. Devotion to our *dharma* [the Hindu term for duty, station, destiny], appropriate and selfless execution of our tasks, while it may promote or even constitute salvation is neither sufficient nor even necessary as a minimal ethical requirement. . . . We can see that the demands of salvation and the demands of morality are not automatically and simultaneously fulfilled, and they may even be antithetical.

The example of Eichmann suffices to indicate the force of this position. "Doing one's thing"—the contemporary equivalent of *dharma*—may overpower other people's doing *their* things. This seems obvious enough; I shall return to the point later.

That is not to say, Danto continues, "that Buddhism is lacking in moral rules. It is only that they are not internal to the theory of Buddhism." That is, they are logically detachable from the core principles. The Four Noble Truths could harbor the killer though killing is expressly forbidden—as in Judaism—by traditional Buddhist law. Explicit Buddhist laws are thus a sort of *obiter dicta* to the core truths. Moreover, Buddhism addresses itself primarily to those who are free to devote full attention to its techniques: to monks, in other words. Ordinary people are condemned to further lives, albeit possibly on a higher plane than their present ones.

Danto turns to Hinduism, and finds the same problem. The *Bhagavad-Gita* prescribes salvation through action, devotion and knowledge, each of these requiring detachment from one's own acts. "I do what I do because this is who I am"; period. Salvation is in the pursuit of one's own destiny, which is conveniently prescribed by caste. But, says Danto, "the concept of morality rests on factual premises radically at odds with the premises of the *Gita*. For one thing, the Discipline of Action removes an action from one context we ordinarily use to appraise an action: the context of its consequences. . . . The directives of the *Gita* toward the *karma-yoga* [the Discipline of Action] serve to neutralize the moral qualities of one's actions by making the actions *not yours*."

Taoism, the third of the Eastern philosophies that is gaining Western adherents, suffers from the same separation of acts from consequences. Unlike Confucianism, it simply skirts questions of responsibility to others:

> The pursuit of happiness takes on a moral quality when one's own happiness becomes contingent upon the happiness of others, or at least what one believes is the happiness of others. No man could be counted moral who did not have that minimal concern for others that permits his own felicitude to vary as theirs does. . . . Liberation from affect, which is the aim and therapy of Taoism, clearly cannot compass love nor even its analogy in moral concern. The follower of the Way is necessarily a loner, though hardly lonely, which is part of its undeniable appeal. . . . Taoism seems to dissolve any relations we may have to one another to replace them with the relationship we have to the universe at large. . . .

In the words of the best-selling contemporary guru, Baba Ram Dass (the former Richard Alpert), "All I can do for you is to work on myself. All you can do for me is to work on yourself." Tell it to the Cambodians, the farm workers, the victims of asbestos poisoning, your unpaid wife, answers the moralist. And so, it seems, never the twain shall meet.

There is much here that is worth attention; indeed Danto's exposition of the rudiments of Buddhism, Hinduism and Taoism is the clearest brief introduction I've read. But the very lucidity of Danto's argument illuminates its limits. To begin with, one can imagine the book Professor Danto might write about Judaeo-Christian ethics. We may well ask whether we can accept that ethics (the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, etc.) without accepting the factual premises on which it is based (a single omnipotent God, original sin, the divinity of Christ, etc.). Presumably if we challenge those factual premises we throw the ethics into question.

Yet in practice we make our choice of ethics regardless of those premises. Is the Buddhist ethics which he says is "not internal to the theory of Buddhism" any more detached from it than Judaeo-Christian ethics is from Judaeo-Christian theology? One could imagine the wrathful Old Testament God decreeing the murder of unchosen people, on the basis of the primacy of the "no other Gods before me" Commandment; indeed Western history has largely worked out on the basis of just such an implication. On such ground we ought to be fleeing, or revising, the ethics of the West. In fact another approach to this whole question—though not, of course, that of the analytic philosopher—would be to ask whether Eastern ethics makes for better or worse societies than Western ethics—better or worse, that is, by some agreed-upon standard.

Further, if a given morality rests on certain factual premises, it might be reconstructed to rest on *other* factual premises. One could discard the idea of *karma* and still believe that the cause of much (not all) suffering is attachment. But this seems marginal to Danto's main point; he is finally concerned not with the connection between morality and factual premises but with the legitimacy, or even the existence, of the morality itself. Here he is on firmer ground. The idea of salvation through performance of one's *dharma*, whatever it is, is suspiciously close to a mechanical Darwinism, and to Eichmann's practice. However, if one *first* adopts an ethics that stands up under scrutiny, and then uses the Buddhist "technology of ecstasy" to learn to "stand aside from one's ego," one may well end up happier and moral as well. Diminished as theology, Buddhism and Taoism have much to offer as therapy; indeed, in counteracting the missionary quality of Western morality, they have a definite use. Buddhism is in theory, at least, more tolerant than Western religions (though it is disturbing to learn that certain Buddhist sects are proselytizing in Latin America).

Trenchant as Danto's argument is, I think it is still fruitful to explore the possibility of synthesis. In this pursuit the analytic philosopher's cast of mind is helpful—up to a point. A synthesis is always a grafting process; some grafts take and others don't; Danto is right to caution against dramatic transplant operations. But to ground the synthetic quest in two-term logic, as Danto would have us do, is to give up the game before it starts. There are certain factual statements that may be neither true nor false, or both true and false, if we admit that certain Eastern practices generate "data"—the *Nirvana* or Enlightenment experience—which surpass or stand outside the data of the senses. Then the statements "All the world is Buddha," or "*Nirvana* is *Samsara*," or, for that matter, "*Nirvana* is *Samsara* and is not *Samsara*" do not admit to an excluded middle. If we grant that these experiences do occur, insisting on dualist logic is like asking a blind man to comment on the truth of the proposition, "This cow is brown."

To return to the question of political synthesis, there is even in the West a certain consciousness which is capable of both-and statements as well as either-ors. One can, with Neruda, for example, accept the world as sanctified and also as needing to be changed; one can ac-

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cept one's responsibility to others and understand the limits of what one can do at the same time. Eastern insights can be helpful now that we know the trouble with the missionary ethics of the West, as Western ethics can correct the "egoless" egotism of "All I can do for you is to work on myself." The Koestler of 1943 is still right: we need the perspectives of both revolutionary and saint, and we need them for the layman. Where—as Danto points out—in the Eastern orthodoxies the responsibility of one person to the other person is supplanted by the responsibility of the person to an undifferentiated universe, those orthodoxies are in need of revision. Where they are capable of revision in fact—as in the case of the Vietnamese Buddhists—they are capable of revision in theory. Unfortunately, too many bewildered, fast-plunging Americans take from the East an evasion of ethics, an easy way out of what is valid in Western thinking. Hastening after gurus, they evade when they think they are transcending. The responsibility of synthetic theory is to find a graft that will take, and though Danto has indicated the difficulty of the project, I think it may yet be realized. To use Anatol Rapaport's language, what we need most in a time of stupid polarization are debates, not fights. □

That Good Man: Chekhov

LETTERS OF ANTON CHEKHOV. *Translated by Michael Henry Heim and Simon Karlinsky. Harper & Row. 494 pp. $17.50.*

LETTERS OF ANTON CHEKHOV. *Selected and edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Translations by Bernard Guilbert Guerney and Lynn Solotaroff. The Viking Press. 490 pp. $12.50.*

HAROLD CLURMAN

In writing about Chekhov's letters one is tempted to do little more than quote them. They express his personality in its down-to-earth humanity, its generosity, its charmingly wise humor. He was what the French in former times called *un honnête homme*, a decent man, and what nowadays has come to be known as "a beautiful person."

More than 4,000 of these letters have been published in the Soviet Union. Also extant in Russian are some 7,000 letters Chekhov received. The Heim-Karlinsky collection contains 185 Chekhov letters in full; the Yarmolinsky selection about 500 with drastic deletions here and there. Some translations are better in the first of these volumes, others better in the second. There is little point in opting for one as against the other. Lovers of Chekhov will want to read both.

The difference between the two books is the far more extensive notes and commentary written by Karlinsky. They reveal a thorough knowledge of Russian literature and wide-ranging erudition. They constitute a sort of capsule biography of Chekhov. They are extremely valuable for an understanding of the background from which the letters emerge. Yarmolinsky's serviceable annotations are far more modest.

One might write a separate review of Karlinsky's commentary. That is not my purpose here, but I cannot help objecting to one of its aspects. Too many *ex cathedra* judgments are pronounced. An uninitiated reader might suppose that everything the editor says is the last word on whatever subject he broaches.

I accept Karlinsky's insistence on the narrowness and bigotry of Soviet "hagiography," the stupid and base censorship in literary matters, as in others—a tradition which extends from the Czarist period to the present—but he delivers himself of opinions which are, to say the least, debatable, and which he sets down as if they had the force of law. Some of the notes push personal views to the point of propaganda.

To take only one example: because of the disagreements between Chekhov and the directors of the Moscow Art Theatre —Chekhov considered *The Cherry Orchard* a comedy, while his producers thought it tragic—Karlinsky has taken to the now increasingly prevalent practice of downgrading Stanislavski. He goes so far as to compare Eva Le Gallienne's Broadway production of *The Cherry Orchard* in the mid-1940s with that of the Moscow Art Theatre, and suggests that the former was closer to Chekhov's conception of the play. To one who saw both these productions, as I did (I refer to the Moscow Art Theatre production as given in Paris with most of the original cast in 1922), the comparison is simply ludicrous. Whether Stanislavski, mistakenly or not, held the play to be a "tragedy," the first Moscow Art Theatre production was funnier, if not "faster" —is rapidity a virtue in itself?—than Eva Le Gallienne's. The quality of acting in the Russian company was of its kind unsurpassed anywhere in the world. But this subject requires an essay by itself and cannot be "settled," as Karlinsky attempts to do in his 2 pages of denigration.

Because Chekhov was a man, not an idea, his letters are often self-contradictory. About Stanislavski himself and the Moscow Art Theatre he says things both severe and laudatory. He speaks contemptuously of an inferior critic as a "little Yid," but he describes anti-Semitism as "a ground that reeks of the slaughterhouse." He is a doctor—he refers to medicine as his "lawful wedded wife"—but he resists taking proper care of himself. In 1901 he declares himself finished with the theatre; in 1903-04 he writes *The Cherry Orchard*. He knows he is dying, but he keeps on reassuring himself as well as others that he is "strong as a bull." Wittily he says, "major writers should engage in politics only enough to protect themselves from it," but he breaks with his publisher and friend Suvorin because the latter is an anti-Dreyfusard, and he opposes censorship because "there is no police force in existence that can consider itself competent in matters of literature." He insists on the most meticulous decorum in behavior toward women, finds it in fact most improper for a husband to sit in front of his wife without pants, but he playfully boasts about his "relations" or "dalliance" under the moon with a girl in Ceylon. He admits to an extraordinary ability to live, but is constantly plagued with all sorts of ailments besides tuberculosis, and dies at the age of 44.

Still, there are constants in his "profile." Despite all his suffering there is very little self-pity in him and he is all kindness. His hospitality knows no bounds. He reads all the stuff unknown writers send him for comment and whenever possible offers them sound advice. "I cannot turn people away," he says, "it is beyond me." He builds hospitals, fights epidemics, helps take the census, founds provincial libraries, and donates books to them, establishes a biological research center. His book *The Island of Sakhalin* is instrumental in bringing about reforms in the penal colony. He persuades the owner of a mine to reduce the men's working day from twelve to eight hours. One letter concludes with "Help the poor. Take care of mother."

He despises scurrilous reviews. "We writers," he says, "cannot get along without kindness. . . . The lower ranks are just as indispensable in literature as in the army. . . . I am physically repelled by abuse no matter at whom it is aimed. . . . That's not criticism or a world view, it's hate, insatiable animal hate. . . . Why must [such critics] write in a tone fit for judging criminals rather

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than artists or writers?" He remained ever loyal to Gorky, despite reservations as to his talent; he worshipped Tolstoy, whose religious and aesthetic views he did not share.

His letters to Olga Knipper, the actress who became his wife, are both delightful and touching. He was 41 when he married her. Because of his illness he had to confine himself a good deal of time to his residence in the temperate climate of Yalta, while she, a member of the "Art" company, was obliged to spend the winter in Moscow. His magnanimity in regard to these enforced separations is amazing and exemplary. "You are not in the least to blame for not living with me in the winter. . . . You do love the theatre, don't you? If you didn't it would be a different matter." On March 7, 1901, he writes, "It doesn't matter that you're in love with someone else and have already been unfaithful to me, I'll forgive you." At first sight I supposed this was another one of his jokes, but in a letter written a few days later we read, "You are unfaithful to me, because, as you write, you are a human being and a woman; oh, very well, be unfaithful, only be the good, splendid person you are. I am an old geezer, it is impossible to keep from being unfaithful to me . . . and if I happen to be unfaithful to you, you will excuse it, because you realize that though the head turns gray, the devil's at play."

The richness of these letters and the scope of their insights, are so great that they are very difficult to summarize or characterize in brief formulas. What makes them especially fascinating is that they were not written, as so many writers' letters have been, with an eye to publication. They are not "literary." But if I should seek a key to Chekhov's character and credo in them, I would choose three salient statements: the very famous "one who desires nothing, hopes for nothing and fears nothing cannot be an artist"; another, which suggests a definition of his art, "Pharisaism, dull-wittedness, and tyranny reign not only in merchant homes and police stations. I see them in science, in literature, among the younger generation. *I look upon tags and labels as prejudices.*" (My italics; so much for the dispute over "comedy" versus "tragedy"!) In the same letter he also says, "I'm neither liberal, nor conservative, nor gradualist, nor monk, nor indifferentist."

But perhaps best of all is: "You ask what is life. It is the same thing as asking what is a carrot. A carrot is a carrot, and that's all that's known." Many major artists are reputed to have been in their private lives much less than amiable. Chekhov is not only a writer or a person we can admire, he is one we can adore. □

THE OWL

His whoo-ing *begins*
in the eucalyptus tree.
Wondering about you
all through midnight,
feeling the blanket
close over me
like the lid of a forest,
I hear his ghost-cries
float past my window
in groups of three,
lengthen over the canyon
and the luminous stones
of the city,
drift, I think,
all the way to the stars
whose own eyes
stare from dark leaves
and whose questions
have never been answered.

Joan Swift

A Miscellany, for Godsake!

THE BOOKS IN FRED HAMPTON'S APARTMENT. *By Richard Stern. E. P. Dutton & Co. 303 pp. $8.95.*

LEONARD KRIEGEL

The informal collection of essays and reviews is among the more subjective of literary offerings—and, for the reader who does not particularly care what he is getting into as long as the mind taking him there is perceptive, among the most attractive. Its very lack of structure makes the essay surprisingly comfortable, both for writer and reader. And the writing of fiction has become increasingly difficult. The very thickness of contemporary society simply has to discourage the novelist who sets out to probe its moral structure, which is what the novel did so well in the past. How can the writer impose form on a society which has become essentially formless? The question is not merely rhetorical. To write about private events in our time demands the existence of an "I," an observer known to his audience. Thirty years ago, Tom Wolfe would have emulated Evelyn Waugh, and Norman Mailer might have been expected to continue focusing his energies on the writing of novels.

In some very fundamental way, however, the nature of the historical period through which we are now living has witnessed a crisis in prose fiction. A contemporary novelist cannot assume that society functions in a sufficiently coherent manner so that he can recreate it in fiction. Even our most talented novelists need relief from the demands of the novel as a way of perceiving reality. And this, I suspect, is the chief reason for a novelist as talented as Richard Stern offering us *The Books in Fred Hampton's Apartment.*

This is not to question the book's merits. Stern himself has done that for us. The "organized miscellany" suffers most from the writer's self-consciousness about putting it together. The nagging whisper is echoed in Stern's opening "Defense of the Miscellany": the reader suspects that Stern is not really convinced that the literary miscellany is more than a "grab bag." But it is, especially in our own time. For if the relationship of fiction to the social fabric is under question today, the informal essay, geared to the writer's perceptions and prejudices, but not necessarily *about* the writer, can provide us with a free, incisive play of mind as it probes that very density that makes the novelist uncomfortable. The writer can be interesting yet absorbing, self-indulgent but analytical. Granted, no miscellany can be truly "organized." But a good miscellany possesses the intelligence of the observer, the point of view displayed as a functional part of its world. In Richard Stern's case, this is a great deal. And the reader is bound to feel rewarded.

It is the writer's job that concerns Stern. He is uncomfortable with sham and pretense, which is, I think, the reason why the first essays in this collection are the weakest. Stern is a man of *our hours* and the clock dictates that his book begin with politics. We are given his views of Nixon and John F. Kennedy and George McGovern: but what we discover are their personae, carefully donned for the "intellectual's" benefit. Stern can capture the stubborn integrity of a Mies van der Rohe in a single paragraph; he can make the reader "feel the life behind the textbooks" in writing about a visit to Pound during his last years in Venice (in my case, a perversely more difficult task than try-

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ing to depict the complexity of a Nixon, perhaps because, despite all evidence to the contrary, I still expect poets to possess a more fundamental humanity than politicians); he can pen a love letter to Chicago that leaves a nontransplanted New Yorker wondering what we received in return for Stern's migration. But when he writes about politics, or at least about politicians, he is too intent on coming "up with a few fish which tougher types would have thrown back in the lake." His short ramble with McGovern never questions the public exhibition of private virtue. Stern's intention is not to explain why McGovern's appeal was so limited, although this is the chief impression the reader culls out of the piece. He might have done better out in the streets, speaking to those unfashionables his friend, Norman Mailer, recently described as "the wad."

But this is to quarrel with Stern where he has deliberately made himself vulnerable. He is both a good writer and an honest man. And he has little use for the cant and hypocrisy which threaten to reduce the word "intellectual" to a synonym of "phony." He can distinguish between "the fine Whitmanian dribble" of Allen Ginsberg and that warrior of our time, "the Playboy Revolutionary" warming himself before the fire of rhetorical sentiment. (Perhaps the target is now so visible that it does not even demand to be attacked: but Stern attacks well and he attacks accurately, unwilling to separate Professor Hefner from those who make a buck from his cultural largesse). Stern takes the responsibilities of the intellectual quite seriously. And *The Books in Fred Hampton's Apartment* deserves an audience because it is the work of an intelligent and lucid mind. Stern's style does not label; it extracts its truth in some first-rate images. "For most of history the ordinary man's interior was a tundra of silence." An incisive summation of the kind of historical neglect which characterizes the work of so many intellectuals today. Stern has both an ear for the language and a nose for the moment, the first the mark of the novelist, the second the mark of the journalist. Whether he is describing the America to be found in Chicago's streets or hammering away at Leslie Fiedler's "apocalyptic monthlies," his viewpoint has been conditioned by the problems of the modern novelist. This seems to me his advantage over critics and journalists who are not novelists. *The Books in Fred Hampton's Apartment* is a miscellany—but a miscellany can be both honest and worth while. And this one is. □

When Tiresias Is Mute

INTERPRETATIONS AND FORECASTS, 1922-1972: Studies in Literature, History, Biography, Technics, and Contemporary Society. *By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 522 pp. $12.95.*

SAUL BENJAMIN

Enthusiasm for the apocalypse has always run high. If social critics can't dedeliver good news, they take special pleasure in pointing us in the general direction of doom. But such fashions have never affected Lewis Mumford. From a vast canvas of fifty years' work, he has chosen forty-two essays, lectures, book reviews and historical soliloquies representing his investigations into every field except architecture, urbanism and regionalism. A further anthology is promised; but the present volume already displays the essential Mumford: the ranging appetites of an athletic mind rarely intimidated by the big questions. What is man's place in nature? How shall we live? Capable of carrying the reader in a single sentence from the sewage system of Imperial Rome into yet darker regions of human purpose and value, Mumford's writing exhibits an unembarrassed moral energy which often seems to come as much from a pulpit as from the historian's study.

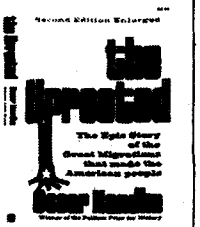
Though divided into five distinctively titled sections, this book is an impressively coherent collection. A treatise, in fact, on the uses of historical imagination. Whether the subject is the torturous notebook drawings of Leonardo "foreshadowing industrial gloom," Kepler's cruel vision of "Creatures in Continuous Motion" (the life, so Mumford suggests, of the average expressway dependent), or an analysis of the evolving role of the human eye in aesthetic and technological advances, these varied studies display with characteristic exuberance the predominant themes of Mumford's thought.

"Culture," Mumford says, "has been pauperized by its successes." Contemporary society is the nervous beneficiary of reason and progress, but man's increasing fund of knowledge has yet to produce any guarantees against its improper use. No longer "are technical progress and the advancement of the human spirit identical." The utilitarian conquest of nature has backfired. Each new invention has become part of a kind of totalitarian system of highly complex, interdependent machines and information. A development in one quarter creates "a need" in yet another. Drawing illustrations from philosophers, poets, inventors and a few tyrants, Mumford relentlessly pushes us to the edge: everything is in shambles. The bomb is no more than the horrific symbol of this condition; the real crisis is in man himself.

This diagnosis has become a commonplace, but the details are typically Mumford's. The breakdown of modernity, he declares, turns on man's failure to appreciate his own true center. Mechanical devices are symptoms of the defect, but the errors we burden ourselves with are intrinsically matters of personality and values. Echoing Whitman, he suggests that "the meaning of all activity lies in the forms and symbols it creates and the rational purposes it embodies." Much of our knowledge is sterile, and while "useful for contriving power mechanisms and harnessing our environment, does little

Saul Benjamin is a recent graduate of Oxford, and now lives in Washington, D.C., where he is completing a manuscript on the practice of liberalism.

"An epic of uprooted souls"



This characterization of Oscar Handlin's Pulitzer Prize-winning work appeared in *The New York Times Book Review*, and shows why this study of America's immigrants has become a modern classic. As the *Chicago Tribune* observed, "There are few Americans who will fail to respond to its theme." With supplemental chapter and a new bibliographic essay. Now available in paperback at $3.95

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to nurture what is properly human." For Mumford, there *are* things properly human.

The point is not that science or even the acquisitive instincts are themselves suspect: Mumford's attacks on the machine do not make him a Chartist. Rather, it is our estimate of ourselves that he indicts. The critical weakness is not in what we know but in what we do with what we know. Our machine worship, he believes, has become as irrational as was the star worship of the Aztecs. And Mumford is not especially subtle about the implications of history: how many Aztecs do you know? The choice he poses, consequently, is stark. Order or entropy; continuity, or an increasingly quickened suicide by our own skills.

Knowledge, he argues, is not itself the demon. So the suggestion is that the sources for an insurgency against "the rank fecundity of the machine" are to be found in the very heritage which produced our problems in the first place. Like Faulkner, Mumford is preoccupied with the past because "the past won't quit." It continues to thrive.

We need, therefore, to draw upon our history as a way of revitalizing our humanity. Things could be worse; at least we retain the capacity for "mindfulness," the ability to use the better of our evolutionary gifts. Through language and symbol man first "achieved independence over Nature," and through language and symbol the loss of human purposiveness may yet be resisted. Mumford's concern is for the quality of life in contemporary society. Accordingly, his accusations are bold. The "myth" of the machine, for one, lies in its alleged inevitability, in the mistakenly cynical view that we can't escape what we've wrought. Again and again he insists that we aren't so condemned. A redirection of personality beyond "trivial and degrading aims" is the prerequisite to any fresh start.

So he carries us through a past ridden with marvels and dangerous pride, and in the end points to what, in other times, was unashamedly called "the soul." History becomes a tool for redemption; the thing he is after is the source of human creativity, personal response, the "essentially human values." On the theory that if we can control the power to create we may be able to decide which things are worth investing our energies in, Mumford attempts to demonstrate the very possibility of salvaging the good from the decayed. But having taken us this far, he draws up, reluctant to press his claim. Although acknowledging the "need to end the divorce of our instinctual and rational lives," his final dependence on traditional pieties tends to distract and immobilize him. He speaks very often (and eloquently) of family, growth, personal openness, but both his language and his intent seem self-conscious. Part of the problem, I think, is that the force of his language seduces him into thinking that he has said more than he really has. While he talks of "certain decisive inventions in morals, aesthetics and psychological theory," he does not tell us just what these might be. The hint is that they somehow involve a recognition of our animal nature. In reviewing Jung, for example, he is hopeful about the possible value of an investigation into the complex sources of personal and cultural fears. In the same way he writes searchingly of the importance of suggestiveness, creative impulse and the whole armory of the less-than-conscious world. But throughout, a kind of schoolmasterish probity holds him back from any aggressive advocacy of man's subjective genius, the "Caliban in us all."

Mumford is even less sure of the significance of practical politics. Nowhere does he try to assess how political institutions influence and in fact create personal values. The prospect of social engineering, always a thorny question, is only flirted with. But simply objecting to the misuses of science by government, or to the callousness of some academics when out to get themselves grants, is one thing; recognizing how the complicated hierarchies of our culture (political, economic, sexual) tend to reinforce many of the defects of personal isolation and aimlessness which Mumford rails so brilliantly against, is a very different matter. The reader asks: will he connect some of these threads, especially the theme of an evolving human personality, with the forces of political pressures and institutional bickerings which play such a large part in putting us where we find ourselves? He does not.

Mumford is still beset by his perennial oppositions: history and personality, the individual and society, private freedoms and public obligations. At one point he writes: "Only those firmly attached to traditional values and historical continuities can guess what sort of effort is really required to transcend the limitations we presently encounter." And yet he asks us to reach beyond "our mindless anarchies, drug-excited audacities, aimless violence." Does this mean that there may be fruitful anarchies or necessary violence essential to the kind of fundamental personality growth that Mumford hopes for? The temptation to think so is strong, but in this collection Mumford does not consummate his flirtations. □

The Unending Potlatch

THE HIGH PRIESTS OF WASTE. *By A. Ernest Fitzgerald. W.W. Norton & Co. 398 pp. $8.95.*

JAMES M. CYPHER

In the past four years several interesting books have been written about economic waste in American military programs. Two of the best, Sen. William Proxmire's *Report from Wasteland,* and Richard A. Kaufman's *The War Profiteers,* were based primarily upon the evidence of inefficiency uncovered during the Congressional hearings conducted by Senator Proxmire as chairman of the Joint Economic Committee of the Congress. In many ways A. Ernest Fitzgerald was the star of these hearings. (Fitzgerald was called to testify before the subcommittee on Economy in Government of the Joint Economic Committee in 1968, and again in 1969. The hearings in which Fitzgerald appeared were entitled: "Economics of Military Procurement, Pt. 1," and "The Military Budget and National Economic Priorities, Pt. 2.")

Fitzgerald's book draws on much of the material recorded in both Proxmire's and Kaufman's books, but there is a crucial difference here. Until *The High Priests of Waste* was published there had never been a book written with an insider's knowledge of the waste inherent in Pentagon procurement policies. Social critics have often had their analysis of issues called into question because of their lack of expertise. Fitzgerald simply cannot be dismissed in this fashion. He has been inside the whale. Formerly an engineer, Fitzgerald went to work at the Pentagon in 1965 as deputy of Management Systems for the Air Force. The accuracy of his critique cannot be challenged.

Accordingly, his book is perhaps the best available account of the manner in which the federal government spends the bulk of our federal tax dollars. And since the billions of dollars which the

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Pentagon wastes annually could be used to meet the country's social needs, the significance of Fitzgerald's account is obvious. For example, the American public seems to have shrugged off the obvious failures of the F-111 airplane; that means waving goodby to $16 million every time one of those flying coffins crashes. That $16 million could have been used to construct thirteen small elementary schools (kindergarten through 6th grade).

In addition to the usual horror stories of waste and boondoggling in the procurement process, Fitzgerald offers the reader a number of special insights. For example, the book contains a much needed deflation of the latest religious icon—the computer. Our society has been offered a new form of salvation known as quantification. Those who can handle the knottier problems of quantification have been accorded a status in the postwar society analogous to that of the witch doctor in primitive cultures. Like the witch doctor, the systems analysts have operated with one part expertise and nine parts mumbo jumbo, and since World War II, they have found a happy home in the Pentagon. Pentagonese, a variety of Orwellian Newspeak, is their second language.

As an engineer with a normal facility for higher mathematics, Fitzgerald was not impressed by the rituals celebrated at the Pentagon. He noticed that in spite of the runs they made on the computer they always failed to save the government money. A political conservative (he initially supported the Vietnamese War), Fitzgerald took his job seriously. He assumed it to be his function to reduce the inefficiency in government procurement; this was something that the computer devotees simply couldn't do. In exasperation, Fitzgerald informed his superiors and subordinates that the ability to add and subtract and use a slide rule was preferable to the complicated analyses in which the technocrats were specialists. Cost analysis experts such as are found in the RAND Corporation convey the impression that they are creating cost-saving methods. As Fitzgerald found out, however, these "think-tank" groups were content merely to write up their abstruse studies of the economics of the various weapons systems. Their science failed to curb billions of dollars of waste. But, as long as the checks came in for their consulting fees, these technocrats were perfectly complacent. We are in Fitzgerald's debt for his exposure of their activities within the Pentagon.

Fitzgerald's study of the production of the C-5A cargo plane presents a classic example of industrial-military fraud. This program was to be the first example of McNamara's highly touted ability to rationalize Pentagon procurement through scientific management. The C-5A program was to have been the first example of the purchasing breakthrough known as "total-package-procurement." As is well known, the C-5A turned out to be a fiasco. The original contract to build these planes was given to the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation and General Electric Corporation in the early 1960s. These contractors were to build 120 airplanes for $3.3 billion. Fitzgerald, who has the distinction of having blown the whistle on McNamara's program, established the fact that the true cost as of late 1968 was up to $5.3 billion. As Senator Proxmire observed, this overrun of $2 billion could have been used to house more than 12 million poor families for one year. Instead, the $2 billion went for elaborate aerospace conventions, briefing sessions for the corporate elite at luxurious resort hotels, corporate profits and ample salaries for a great number of technocrats. As of November 1969 the Air Force had decided to quietly reduce the number of planes from 120 to eighty-one but pay Lockheed and G.E. between $5.3 billion and $5.8 billion for the reduced number of planes.

What did the taxpayer get for his tax dollar? A piece of junk. The C-5A airframe was to have a lifetime expectancy

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Like slag
the face,
old,
one who knows he has been banished,
knows the place,
expects no sympathy or interest.

At seeing me
the face
lit up at once
and smiled,
expecting a smile:
You're one of us!

Carl Rakosi

of 30,000 flying hours. However, Air Force Secretary Seamans admitted during secret Congressional testimony on January 25, 1972, that the C-5A had a life expectancy of only 7,000 flying hours.

In highlighting the C-5A program it was not Fitzgerald's intention to suggest that this was a particularly badly handled program. On the contrary, as he shows in example after example, the fraud of the C-5A is no more than business as usual in our military wasteland. After several years at the Pentagon, Fitzgerald concluded that the government had absolutely no commitment to efficiency in weapons procurement:

> Public utterances on the subject by Secretary McNamara and other high-ranking Pentagon officials were unequivocal, but actual practice was poles removed. The clincher was the operative system of rewards and punishment. No one was ever fired for overruns. In fact, program managers with the highest cost and biggest overruns seemed to be promoted fastest. Defenders of wasteful procurement practices and sloppy, deceitful financial management were richly rewarded, while economy advocates were ignored, shunted aside, or put out of business and destroyed professionally if they became too bothersome or persistent. Motivation for contractors was similarly inverted. The giant boondoggling firms were paid to correct their own bonehead blunders and made money in doing so. This premise was supported by a growing body of statistics.

Fitzgerald's experiences with Congress call into question the efficacy of the government hearing process. Almost every aspect of a Congressional hearing, supposedly undertaken to find out exactly what the Pentagon and the industrialists have done with the federal tax dollar, is staged. The military officials have a very good idea of the questions they will be asked during a given Senate or House hearing, and they clear their responses to the expected questions with the Pentagon hierarchy prior to giving their testimony. As Fitzgerald remarks, Senators and Congressmen are reluctant to embarrass the military bureaucrats by forcing them to acknowledge their incompetence. Fitzgerald was an exception. And for telling the truth in two hearings he was fired from his government job.

Who are the high priests of waste? They turn out to be neither the military warlords, whose power C. Wright Mills greatly overestimated, nor the powerful industrialists, but *economists*. At the core of it all, Fitzgerald argues, it is the concepts of Keynesian economics which have created the theoretical argument that waste is good for the economy.

> When I tried to convince the brighter staff people in procurement, financial management, and systems analysis that the deliberately wasteful expenditures were economically unsound, I learned something which really startled me. In general the Pentagon's economists professed to believe that government spending, wasteful or not, made the nation prosperous. They drew no economic distinction between wasteful, parasitic activities and productive activities. One seemingly bright young Ph.D. economist . . . even tried to convince me that our bombing program in Southeast Asia contributed to the nation's prosperity. To such economists, mostly Keynesians of the mindless variety, the economic products of the bombing program were jobs and corporate profits.

John Maynard Keynes argued that mature capitalist economies need a strong form of government demand to offset the tendency toward perpetual unemployment. In the postwar years 1947-71 the federal government spent more than $1.7 trillion on military matters. This government demand *has* kept the economy going. The cost of such an enormous military program has been the material objects which this country could have had if billions upon billions of dollars had not been spent on useless weapons systems.

> The spending for blowing holes in the ground in Asia, for overruns on flimsy C-5As, and for cutting off legs in Army hospitals all adds to the gross national product (GNP) as conceived by the economists. Such spending increases something called "gross aggregate demand" which, in turn, is said to "make jobs."
>
> The very phrase "make jobs" convicts the concepts and shows the shockingly shallow nature of modern economic mechanics. Obviously the nation is poorer, not richer, by the cost of waste in nonproductive activities, not to mention the human loss in the warfare so highly esteemed as an economic spur. The employment generated by wasteful spending is nothing more than a restatement of the costs in different terms. Many, if not most, of our economists seem to have lost sight of the importance of end products. It is only in terms of the useful products of labor, capital, equipment, land, and natural processes that true economic output can be measured.

When Fitzgerald raised such objections within the Pentagon, he was told by Major General Zoeckler, the systems program director of the F-111 program, that "inefficiency is national policy."

Waste *does* make the system run. It creates jobs, production and profits. But, as Fitzgerald prompts us to ask, what does this society have to show for such efforts? Anyone concerned with the chances for peace and for social justice should have a clear understanding of the economic forces in this society which have a vested interest in warfare production. Fitzgerald has done an excellent job of setting forth the facts upon which such an understanding must rest. □

Crazy Salad

LIFE SIGNS. *By Johanna Davis. Atheneum Publishers. 183 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT F. MOSS

Feminist fiction over the last few years has the look of one of our fastest growing literary modes, fed as it is by the arrival, on what seems a weekly basis, of some new novel about the problems of modern womanhood. Since 1967 we have had, among many others, Sue Kaufman's *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, Lois Gould's *Such Good Friends*, Paula Fox's *Desperate Characters* and Joan Didion's *Play It As It Lays*. Feminism in literature has a long history, of course, but it is difficult to deny that the recent explosion of feminist novels must have been ignited in part by the women's liberation movement.

Like the nonfiction of Betty Friedan and Germaine Greer, these novels offer a vision that is surprising in its illumination of areas previously ignored by a male-dominated culture, therapeutic in allowing women writers to release dammed-up frustrations, and refreshing in its impatience with the often unhealthy, tradition-bound assignment of sexual roles in our society. But sociological and psychological value is no guarantee of literary significance, and the territory staked out by feminist fiction has remained distressingly narrow. It is largely populated by troubled, misunderstood women of white, upper-middle-

Robert Moss teaches English at Rutgers University.

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class background and their unsatisfactory husbands, who are either cold (*Desperate Characters*), faithless (*Such Good Friends*), or off on a permanent ego trip where they cannot be reached (*Diary*). Children—if the empty, loveless marriage has produced any—are no consolation. Specimens of the urban nightmare—all friends of the heroine—can be counted on to put in an appearance. And of course the psychiatrist-in-residence (he varies from palely ineffectual to monstrous) is usually on hand to listen unfeelingly to the heroine's woes. The time is always now, the setting is generally New York.

The latest addition to this bulging subgenre is a first novel that is rich in *déjà vu*. The events of the story are recounted exclusively from the viewpoint of the heroine, Camilla Ryder. Her family background and schooling are impeccably upper-middle class and her husband is able to provide her and their young son with a comfortable standard of living. But Camilla, pregnant with a second child, is unfulfilled by this existence, however cosy it may look to outsiders; in fact she is showing signs of mental disorder—inability to cope with daily routines, paralyzing ennui, obsessive fantasies. Which brings us to the psychiatrist. This time around he is a naturalized Greek named Greg Manos, but as usual he is relentlessly unsympathetic, dispensing treatment that is not only untherapeutic but probably dangerous. Once all this is established, it is easy to anticipate Camilla's friends—some shallow and freaky, others just shallow—and the milieu of Manhattan (ugly, aggressively impersonal, profoundly alienating).

From this description the book sounds irredeemably like a replica of its predecessors. But Camilla, though related to the heroines of other feminist novels, is nevertheless a quirky creation who cannot be ironed into perfect conformity with a prototype. A clever, original personality, her eccentricity is nicely summed up by her husband: ". . . You were the girl who told me . . . that if poems were menus, you'd order Yeats's crazy salad every time." As for her current misery, if she seems thwarted it is not because the world has been ungenerous with her but because she has been unable to appreciate the gifts it has given her—a likable baby, a devoted husband, affluence. While her cripplingly sheltered childhood is, in its exaggerated way, symptomatic of the problems of growing up female, Camilla's inadequacy is just as clearly the special product of her parents' home, a Hollywood mansion, staffed to the ceilings, where "she never had to do anything for herself which somebody else could be found to do for her." Equally important in explaining Camilla's trouble is her dead father, a witty, personable screen writer whose companionship she was consistently denied by her self-centered mother.

This is Camilla's book; Davis is not as successful with the supporting cast. Camilla's husband, Alec, is drawn sympathetically but without color or depth. Elsewhere the failing in Davis' characterizations is that they seem aimed at producing easy targets for irony. In the parade of caricatures the one who occupies the most space is Dr. Manos, who is unfailingly pompous, compassionless, egocentric—and almost villainous in his misconceived therapy. Davis treats him as a cool fencer might a blustering opponent, giving him a taste of the point at every pass. Camilla speculates that his facial scar is "the work of a disabused patient, someone, like her, who had sought help and found little forthcoming behind [his] cologne." That strikes us as a reasonable guess when we learn that the doctor is guilty of nodding off during Camilla's sessions with him. But the most extreme of Davis' caricatures is Camilla's mother Naomi, an incarnation of that despised and reviled creature, the Jewish mother. Yes, Naomi is obtuse, bossy, meddlesome, and all worked up over "the glories of the Zionist state."

If Davis' portraiture is uneven, her style is not. Her polished, epigrammatic, compact sentences are one of the rewards of *Life Signs*; whole scenes come into being in a few spare phrases. Here is her rendering of the graffiti epidemic in the subways: "Free-lance graphics across the walls, seats and ceilings notified her by aerosol spray that Buddy loved Rae, Oswald was Right, and Leonore sucks."

Unfortunately, *Life Signs* ends feebly, returning its heroine much too abruptly to her downward spiral of mental decay after the brief exultation inspired by the birth of her second child. Still, the book is a good deal more than a promising first novel; it clearly has qualities that make an assessment of that kind ridiculously condescending, a pat on the head. It might be more appropriate to throw a bouquet in Davis' direction—except that she would probably prefer a crazy salad. □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

There is one motorcycle in the exhibition called "Reality and *Trompe l'oeil*" at the New York Cultural Center (until September 16). In an American show such a subject would almost certainly be painted photographically, but this is not the case here. The "Ariel 500" is by Claude Yvel, one of four Parisian realists in the show. The French painting is unequivocally factual, whereas an American Photo-Realist, imitating both photographic visual effects and the appearance of primary objects, would probably give less sense of the literal presence of things. Not so Yvel, whose motorcycle is so highly illusionistic that the nature of the illusion, a drawn and painted object, is never in doubt.

In the catalogue Yvel makes the point that he and his friends avoid working from photographs on the ground that they distance the painter from his subject matter. To work directly from the model is therefore part of a program, based on the notion that "emotional involvement" is more possible with the real thing than with reproductions. "In refusing to use photography, preferring to work directly from the model, like Cézanne, *sur le motif*, we find it difficult to remain neutral." The choice of Cézanne is instructive: he is the type of anguished transcriber of recalcitrant nature. Yvel concludes his introduction by asking: "Is the art world ready to admit a new realism that is both rigorous and emotionally involved?"

What these artists are after, if Yvel speaks for them all, is something like this. They want to combine the rich emotional scale of Realism with *trompe l'oeil*, a style that has been persistently sophisticated and witty. How are these artists to unite the passions and insights of Realism proper with the games and deceptions of *trompe l'oeil*?

According to Yvel "the state of ignorance in France regarding foreign schools of painting made it difficult for me to know of the 19th-century American painters of *trompe l'oeil*." Only later, after the 1950s, was he made aware of "the parallels between our work and that of Harnett, Peto, and Haberle." As it stands this makes it sound as if Yvel had created his style purely out of a retrieval of the 17th-century Dutch models that he and his friends studied. Actually the Americans were far from the only intervening illusionists, and one of the artists in this show, Pierre Ducordeau, bases his art squarely on 19th-century *trompe l'oeil*. For instance, his "Diploma" shows an old document, apparently under broken glass,

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SLEEPWALKER'S TRAINING

I would like to be a sleepwalker,
standing like a blank in the dark
gun of someone's face, flowing
through spaces where the thickest
tongues of objects grunt, Impossible!
then swell and rise defiant in my wake.

So I sleep face up, my bloodshot eyes
revolving on the past as if it were
an accident. I wait for the ghost in me
to rise and come back whole. But it drags
its shaggy piece of netting over me
and whispers we are inseparable, sleep.

Jack Myers

with a photo seemingly stuck in the frame in front of the glass. This seems close to the well-known painting by Laurent Dubos, "Peace Treaty Between France and Spain," which shows the treaty, along with portraits of Bonaparte and the King of Spain, under broken glass. Jean Malice's "The Rabbit," flayed and eviscerated, hanging on a blood-smeared wall, picks up the theme of dead game, just as Yvel's "Gott Mit Uns," a niche holding a rifle, ammunition and steel helmet, echoes still life of the hunt. Both were popular 18th-century motifs.

These cases make the point that *trompe l'oeil* is a tradition, never a dominant one but never relinquished either. The kinks and the double takes are part of an inventory of set motifs. Unlike the Photo-Realists the French group draws directly on traditional models. As Yvel says, he considers *trompe l'oeil* "a way of renewing realism's language." No photographs, then, emotional attitudes not detachment, and a knowledge of the history of their genre are three of the group's practices.

Of the artists three are in their early 40s and one, Henri Cadiou, is older, born in 1906. Ducordeau keeps his paintings small, close to the scale of old photographs and large beetles. Malice (a good name for an artist whose business is to trick the eye) goes in for textural effects, indicated by such titles as "Blackboard," "Bricks and Plaster" and "Paint Roller." He alone of these painters entertains the idea that objects are characterized by tactile differences as well as by topographical boundaries and bland volumes. Cadiou is alert to the handling of paint, using it to characterize worn surfaces and to graduate the play of light and shadow. Yvel on the other hand keeps a deadpan focus and an even polish on everything.

The problem is to confer resonant meanings on a genre which is openly addressed to the spectator's attention, engaging one's eye and mind lightly. Cadiou's "Flea Market" postulates a torn and battered Picasso painting, but my reaction is more to take pleasure in the joke than to reflect on, say, time's sharp tooth. Cadiou's "Locker" is a flat panel cut to resemble the silhouette of an opened locker, with a pinup on the door and clothes and objects in the apparently excavated space. This seems to have more of the contentual point Yvel requires in his text, for here we intrude on somebody else's personal space; a life style is indicated as the possessions become clues. Yvel has several still lifes in which a milieu, a situation or a character are implied by the objects. Such works, as they adumbrate the world of other people, are much more interesting than, say, Cadiou's "Hommage à Marcel Duchamp," a urinal of course; Malice's "Time Clock" with the artist's name on the card, or Yvel's "Contemporary Art All Wrapped Up," a plastic bundle containing a copy of the magazine *L'Art Vivant* devoted to Documenta. The way for these painters to go, given their desire to warm up *trompe l'oeil*, is toward psychological and social clusters of objects and away from labored traditional gags.

"Reality and *Trompe l'oeil*" is interesting for the unfamiliar aesthetic problem it raises. However, in one respect the New York Cultural Center has let down the artists and disappointed its public. The Center has more or less Museum status, though no longer, I think, a collection. Hence the catalogue, with its single text, its lack of background information, and the incoherence of some of the dates that are given, clearly suggests that it is the sole responsibility of the commercial Canadian art gallery with which the New York Cultural Center collaborated. I know the difficulties of filling that white elephant at Columbus Circle with a tight budget, but in future the Center should raise its bibliographical sights. □

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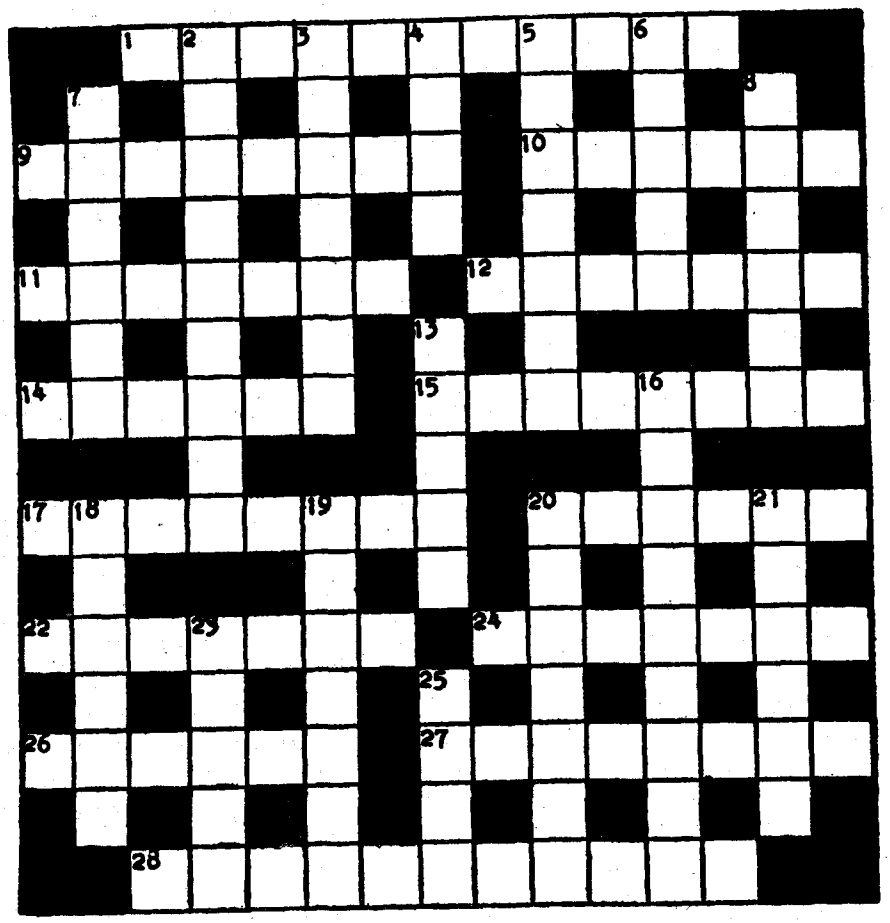
Crossword Puzzle No. 1503

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Positionally, it's "out" as far as the modern recreation establishment is concerned. (5,6)
9 Does it imply a starvation diet for the young traveler? (4-4)
10 See 4 down
11 Perhaps acts as a solicitor for current expenses? (7)
12 Quite a different character to be possibly found in Mitty. (4,3)
14 See 24 across
15 The range of tones put on record? (8)
17 For example, the back end and the usual beginning of 12 are in it, sending out its meaning. (8)
20 and 18 down A primate might be well-oiled if you do find one in the garage. (6,6)
22 Pitches quarters, perhaps. (7)
24, 14 and 27 across Cautionary advice applied to a clothes-hanger by mother? (3,4,2,4,3,5)
26 and 5 down Evidently not touched, at least not very much! (4,2,7)
27 See 24 across
28 Those going before shifting the scene attend its production. (11)

DOWN

2 The time of launching doesn't permit of one's best effort! (3-6)
3 Characteristic, alternatively, of one far from loyal. (7)
4 and 10 across Obviously, Jack Spratt couldn't talk to his wife this way! (4, 3,3)
5 See 26 across
6 On the same theme, Ryan shows it's very hard. (5)
7 Does one punch in Latin-American style? (6)
8 In which one plays around in the manner of an impish girl. (6)
13 Ornamental fastenings in the throat might be embarrassing. (5)
16 The place another might have ahead of time is firmly fixed. (9)
18 See 20 across
19 You have to get better if I am to demonstrate it. (7)
20 Sort of rug—the old style—concerned with what might go with crackers. (7)
21 The weight of what might commonly go into coffee, though perhaps it shouldn't! (6)
23 Sweet flower? Burns made it so! (5)
25 Pen-point causing trouble with the lid?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1502

ACROSS: 1 Orange Bowl; 6 Aged; 11 Thermos; 13 Inset; 15 Upset; 17 Incubated; 19 Derringer; 21 Eases; 23, 26 and 10 Cat on a Hot Tin Roof; 27 Monarch; 28 English; 29 Lost; 30 Consistent. DOWN: 1 Oats; 2 Awnings; 3 Groom; 4 Befitting; 5 and 24 across Watch your step; 7 and 12 Game, set and match; 8 Dust to dust; 9 Reliable; 14 Duodecimal; 16 Thinners; 18 Carousels; 20 Ratings; 22 Sterile; 24 Yahoo; 25 Sighs.

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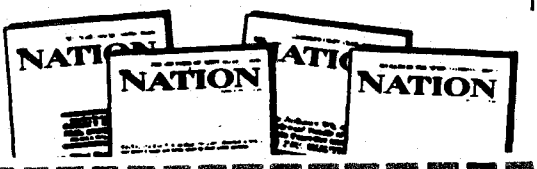

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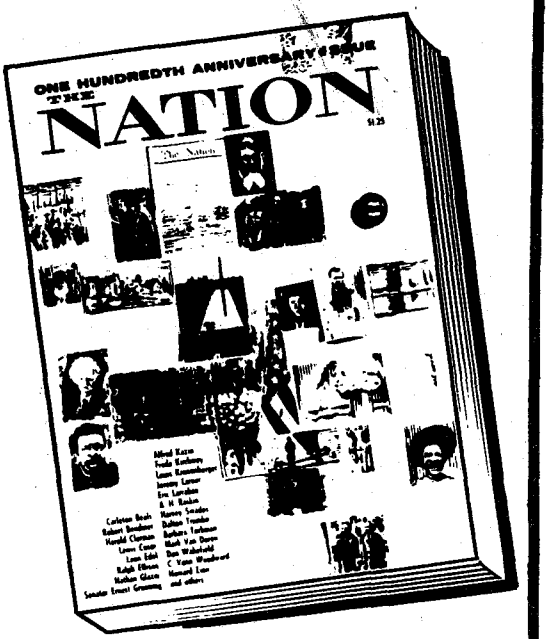

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